



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“All the Boats and the Boathouse”
“Boathouse Plywood”
“Messing About in Fishing Boats”

Volume 25 – Number 4

July 1, 2007



messing about in BOATS

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In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of
Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Review
- 8 Necessity is the Mother of Invention
- 9 Whatever Happened to Mac McCarthy?
- 10 All the Boats and the Boathouse
- 14 Where is *Leiv Eriksson*?
- 15 Possibly Changed the Course
of History
- 16 Sail Fishing
- 18 Cruising Among the Thousand
Islands by Sailing Canoe
- 19 54th Annual Mug Race
- 20 Beyond the Horizon
- 22 Boathouse Plywood
- 26 A Waterfront in Wales
- 27 Frolic2
- 28 Bolger on Design
- 31 1939 Potomac River Dory Hybrid
- 32 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

The old boathouse on an island in Canada's Muskoka Lakes district, where reader Dave Pardoe's family messing about in boats goes back 107 years, provides a focus for Dave's story about all those years featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



On Page 14 in this issue is a reprint of a bygone story from the boating press of the 1920s sent to us by Pat Atkin (of the famed Atkin family of boat designers) as she thought you might find it of interest. How this game was played 80 years ago holds much interest to me and I hope for some of you also.

One aspect of the story, which concerns the disappearance of several well-known yachtsmen, including William Washburn Nutting, the former editor of *Motor Boat* and *MotoRBoatinG*, on a spring cruise across the North Atlantic from Norway in a 42' auxiliary sloop, was the follow-up efforts to find them once it became apparent that something was amiss when they failed to arrive at a scheduled waypoint in southern Greenland.

Now 80 years ago radio existed (Morse Code communications) but not aboard small recreational yachts. So Nutting and his companions were effectively out of touch with the world once underway until they next made landfall. Yet their wooden sloop would otherwise be equipped not unlike some in use today. This lack of instant communication resulted in it being six weeks after their scheduled arrival in Greenland before their friends undertook to look for them.

The initial effort made by concerned friends was to ask the US Navy to go look for the missing adventurers. Like this seemed a perfectly natural thing to do, ask the Navy to look for your missing friends! The lack of response from the Navy was cause for some bitter remarks in the article aimed at crass politicians in Congress who had emasculated the Navy budget so it could not afford the costly cruise of a warship to Greenland to hunt for the missing yacht.

Well, Nutting's friends were not to be put off for long, one of them simply telegraphed President Coolidge asking that he order the Navy to go looking and within a few hours Coolidge telegraphed back that he had ordered a cruiser to get underway to conduct a search. In due course one did so and conducted an extensive search off southern Greenland without any success. That must have been a costly effort.

Talk about simpler times. It boggles the mind today to contemplate asking the Navy to hunt for a missing yacht, let alone go directly to the President. No mention was made of the Coast Guard, I'm not clear as to its existence at that time, perhaps that's the reason the call for assistance went to the Navy. But after that failed, on to the President!

Today it would be the Coast Guard doing the search and rescue (SAR) mission.

Going as far as Greenland might not be within its purview, perhaps one of its aircraft would be sent off, it could get there in few hours from a New England base. How the time frame has shrunk. Today Nutting would have been in contact with the world in his time of need by radio or, if suddenly overtaken by disaster, by an EPIRB signal.

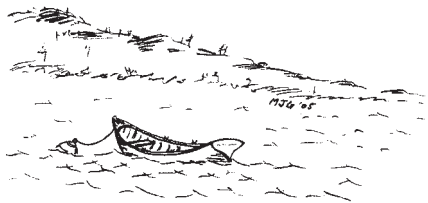
Help would have been on the way right off, still at substantial cost to the public for all of these rescue missions at sea today are costly ventures and at times put rescuers lives at risk. During that Perfect Storm situation several years ago, for example, a helicopter going to find a yacht in trouble off New Jersey went down, losing some of its crew.

This historical obligation for society to go to the rescue of someone in trouble at sea is regarded by recreational boaters today as an entitlement providing a safety net for their adventuring. Unlike the land emergencies which we expect to be dealt with by local police and firemen with ambulances to rush victims to nearby hospitals, seagoing rescues often involve extended distances to be covered and conditions on the scene severe enough to obstruct rescue efforts and threaten the lives of the rescuers. The costs to society are enormously greater than typical land-side emergencies involving only a small number of people usually in an easily controlled and managed environment.

Here is a classic case of society as a whole subsidizing the recreational activities of a tiny portion of that society, a portion that indulges in an activity that has the potential to put it in the way of danger and in subsequent need of rescue. Yet those rescued do not bear any of this expense. They might subsequently have to pay a commercial salvor for the expense involved in bringing in their damaged boat, but not those who saved their lives.

Nutting and his companions were skilled, experienced, ocean going sailors (we serialized his book, *Track of the Typhoon*, about his cruise from Newfoundland to Europe several years ago) who apparently got into big trouble beyond the reach of immediate rescue. Today's SAR reports (published in several national maritime publications) often tell about rescuing people of far less experience and skill who got themselves into trouble because of poor judgment brought on by being in way over their heads (literally!).

What's my point in all this? I'm not sure, somehow I just feel there's something badly out of whack in this situation. Any opinions?



By Matthew Goldman

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

Another warm day and a fair one and a Saturday no less. Unloaded firewood from the truck and re-covered the woodpile as it threatens to cloud over and reward us with raindrops later on for having been so good. Put the Goldfinch (my bright yellow kayak) into the truck and tootled off through the village and out the river road.

Just upstream from the Interstate lies a little public landing which can park a dozen cars and launch innumerable boats. I saw half a dozen vehicles but not a single boat. They probably went downstream toward the ocean and Mystic Seaport and the ice cream shop by the bridge. I went up the river. I didn't see much except for houses, a cemetery, a small flock of buffleheads, some mallards and a solitary swan.

Except upriver lay a little stone, perhaps 23' long, aground on the shore, heeled well over, and napping quite peacefully. She didn't seem disconcerted by her berth and the shore there is gradual and gravelly with considerable pampas grass for soft reposing. She was tethered to a sturdy tree to prevent her wandering off. Sailboats are subject to such whims.

I saw a fellow aboard her just last week. I thought at first he'd careened her to fix her bottom. But I saw no evidence. Her mast lay lashed on her cabin top, her drop boards had been removed. She had a spade rudder but that had been unshipped. I'm sure her owner can easily kedge her off when the tide is full.

Were I the ambitious (i.e., stupid) type, I'd try to find out who belongs to her and maybe buy her cheap. But I'm not and I already have a sailboat to care for. I used to think I would make a living by fixing up old boats. I've been disabused of that conceit. And a very good thing, too. For \$3,000 or \$4,000 I can buy an old sailboat in better shape than this one, one with a boom, a rudder, and a motor. If I worked my whasis off an entire season to make her lovely, I couldn't sell her for more than \$6,000 or \$8,000. By the time I paid for materials and hardware, rebuilt the motor, and bought new running rigging, I'd earn \$4.19 per hour. I've done the math. In this part of the country you can earn twice that by mating buns with burgers.

So all I did was look and keep on paddling. The Mystic River spreads a quarter mile wide about the Seaport. It alternately narrows and spreads until it approaches Old Mystic. Then it suddenly narrows to a 15-yard wide brook. Then it becomes a stony creek just deep enough for a trout. A smallish trout. One without ambitions. I made it up to the red brick mill in Old Mystic where the river makes a bend and becomes the brook. Another hundred yards, I encountered a riffle too rapid to ascend.

Turning, I sped beside the retaining wall beneath the mill, paddled a quarter mile of mild water, then entered the expansive stretch with a rising breeze in my face. Up on a knoll by a modern house, a formidable set of tubular chimes hurled from side to side, ringing out a convocation for worship. The wind busily baptized me with spray from its worldwide font and I came away blessed, as usual. As usual, I hadn't drowned and had found the day inspiring.

Amazingly, the sailboat was still stranded when I returned. Whether she came there by chance or design I'll never know. We have a few gusty afternoons, when the wind tears through the harbors at 50 knots. A boat anchored out, unsheltered, can quickly go adrift. Some people still don't know about anchoring scope and many have never heard about chafing gear.

The photographs I've seen from the aftermath of hurricane Katrina depressed me. Many boats have never been found. They may bask on the beach in Belize or keep company with starfish. A few recline on porches or up in trees.

I'd hate to see *MoonWind* perching in a tree. She hasn't the nesting instinct. Even leaning on poppets seems wearisome and highly overrated. A boat belongs on the water, embracing a breeze. Or messing about an estuary, as I was this afternoon. As any boater will gladly affirm, avidly and at great length, life is too short to spend much time ashore.

Be patient with your boaters and let them rant. Most of them will get over it come December.



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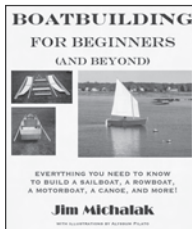
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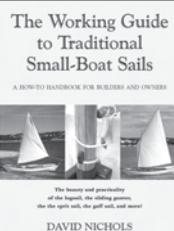


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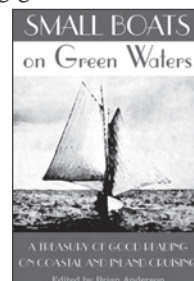
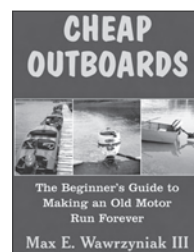
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Activities & Events...

Wooden Canoe Assembly

The 2007 Assembly of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association (WCHA) will be held in the Finger Lakes region of New York at Keuka College, Keuka Park, July 12-14. The Wooden Canoe Heritage Association (WCHA) is devoted to preserving, studying, building, restoring, and using wooden and birch bark canoes and to disseminating information about canoeing heritage in North America.

The WCHA annual Assembly program focuses on activities related to the construction and repair of wooden canoes, canoeing, and camping skills and crafts. It includes opportunities for WCHA members and other canoe enthusiasts to meet and exchange ideas, participate in and attend seminars and lectures, paddle, buy and sell canoes and related equipment, and generally have a great time celebrating wooden canoes. The Assembly is a place to learn about your canoe, how to repair, restore, and maintain it, where and how to paddle it, and generally how to get the most out of the wooden canoe experience.

Participating vendors at the Assembly include many of the world's premier builders and restorers of wooden canoes (including birch barks), as well as dealers in new and antique canoe gear and related arts and crafts.

Featured this year will be canoes that were designed and constructed during the late 1800s and early 1900s by various builders whose shops and boathouses bordered the banks of the Charles River in Boston and Cambridge, Massachusetts, and nearby lakes and ponds. Two of the evening speakers will share their enthusiasm for these canoes.

In his presentation on Thursday, July 12, "Canoes, Courtship, and the Charles: Views of Social Canoeing from the Charles River Scene," Ken Kelly will share a collection of historical views that show exceptional canoes and canoeing events on the Charles.

On Friday, July 13, Dan Miller will discuss the role of the Charles River scene in canoe construction in North America in his presentation, "The Old Man and the River: J.R. Robertson, the Charles River, and Canoeing in North America."

The Assembly also includes a wide range of activities for children who attend the event with a registered adult.

Participation in the Assembly is open to registered, non-WCHA members. The registration fee is \$15/day. The program and registration information are available at <http://wcha.org/More Pages for Under Ten>

Tenth Pend Oreille Was the Last

The 11th Pend Oreille Rendezvous, row, paddle, and sail is formally not happening. That is, this year's 10th was the last. A big thank you to all who brought joy across the years with your boats, kids, dogs, potlucks, and fireside antics. I'm laden with rich heaps of friendship and fond memories. What more could I ask of messing about in boats?

Bob Simmons, Sandpoint, ID

Information of Interest...

More Pages for Under Ten Feet

Two of my subscribers referred to my newsletter as a magazine, so I thought the readers might want it to be bigger. When it was two pages ten people turned it down. Since I have increased the size no one has turned it down yet.

At first I decided not to review any designs over \$50 or that were too complicated, like Gartside's and Welsford's. But one of my subscribers is a violin maker and he was interested in Welsford's designs. Since some readers apparently are building more sophisticated boats, I'm going to review four of Welsford's small designs in one issue.

The first lapstrake boat design will be Warren Jordan's 10' pram because the bends of the planks are so slight. He has been quite generous in emailing me more than once with answers to my questions. And I think the first carvel will be Catspaw since it's the one Herreshoff design I might be able to build myself. I've gotten some information from Doug Hylan about it and the consulting Maynard Bray did.

I enclose a photo taken here in Dallas on Bachman Lake, the sculler is an old guy who competes in races held on the lake through the spring.

Paul Austin, *Under Ten Feet*, Box 670849, Dallas, TX 75367



Clarifying the Location

Upon receiving the March 1 issue of *MAIB* I immediately turned to the "Bolger on Design" feature as I always do. I was surprised and delighted to see my boat pictured near the top of the page in Phil's write-up of the Long Light Dory, but thought I'd write to clarify the location given in the caption. It's actually Elevenmile Canyon Reservoir, not Blevin Lake Canyon Reservoir. I can only guess that my writing on the back of the prints I sent to Phil and Susanne got smudged, causing the name to be misinterpreted.

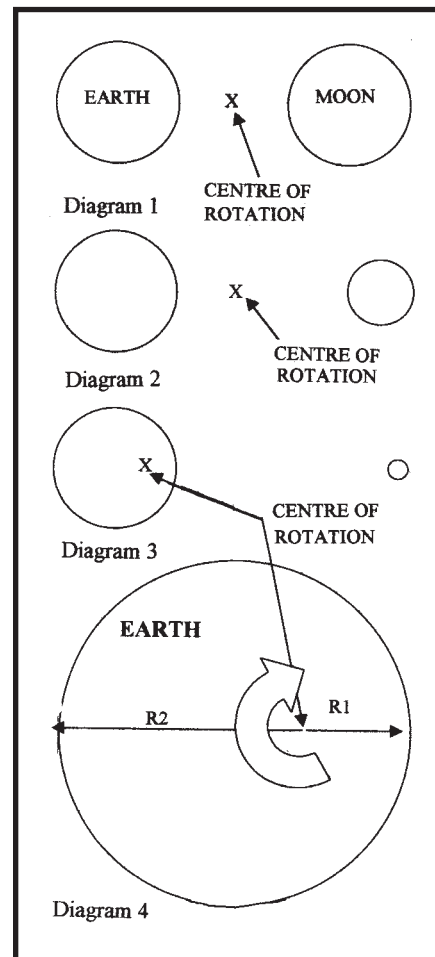
My speculation is that the name originates with the township and range system. The canyon it's named for is about seven miles west of Four Mile Creek. However, the reservoir itself is only about three miles north of Thirtyninemile Mountain, but that mountain is about eight miles north of Thirtyninemile Mountain. The whole area is part of a geologic formation called the Thirtyninemile Volcanic Field, as if that makes it all clear. In any case, thanks for printing the photo of my boat, and take care.

Jon A. Kolb, Colorado Springs, CO

Tidal Comment from Down Under

It appears that none of the articles on tides already published in *MAIB* adequately explains the tidal hump on the side of the earth away from the moon. To understand this there are two ideas that you need to get your head around before it becomes obvious. Before I go any further, the explanation that follows is not original and was discovered by me on the NOAA web site.

The daily rotation of the earth is well understood. The monthly (moonthly) rotation of earth and moon are less well understood. The diagrams show the necessary concepts. Diagram 1 shows that if earth and moon were of the same size and density the moon would not revolve around earth but both would revolve around a common centre halfway between the two.



Imagine the moon being smaller than the earth, then the centre of common rotation would be on a straight line joining the two objects but closer to the earth. This is shown in Diagram 2. If the real sizes and densities of the two are used, the centre of common rotation is about 1,000 miles below the surface of the earth and is shown in Diagram 3.

The rotation described above is the apparent lunar rotation around earth which is of about 30 days' duration. In fact, the rotation involves earth and moon revolving around a common centre.

Diagram 4 shows the earth alone revolving around the common centre of rotation. The rotational speed of the earth is the same everywhere on earth. The centrifugal force on the water on the surface of earth is proportional to the distance of the water from the centre of rotation. The water on the side of the

earth away from the moon is at a far greater distance from the centre of rotation than the water on the side of the earth nearer the moon and experiences a greater centrifugal force for this reason. This explains the high tide on the side of earth away from moon.

You may wonder why the high tide on the far side of the earth does not occur once every 30 days. The reason is this. As well as the rotation of the earth and the moon around a common centre, the earth has an independent rotation about a polar axis. This rotation is the one we are most familiar with and is of a duration of 24 hours. The earth revolves past the tide on the far side of moon once every day. Actually, as the earth rotates once about its polar axis in 24 hours, the moon has rotated about one-thirtieth of its (apparent) rotation around the earth. One-thirtieth of 24 hours is 48 minutes, which explains why tides slip by this amount of time each day.

Howard Kinns, Greensborough, Australia

You Can Never Have Too Many Boats

Boats I own: Cal 25 sloop, S&S Dolphin 24 (wood), Snipe (wood), 19' Whitehall rowing shell, 17' Mako outboard, 12' Beverly sailing dink by Cape Cod Shipbuilding.

Kerry Lange, Stonington, CT

Opinions...

About Libraries, Global Warming, and Tidal Rivers

I was horrified to read in the March 15 issue that some libraries order *MAIB* subscriptions from Ebsco at those apparent substantial mark-ups over your rate. They are not being very good stewards of their funds. The director of our local library was telling me of his problems squeezing really essential money from the county commissioners in budget discussions with them. I may also be their most diligent observer of problems with their website. They claim to appreciate my diligence and I hope they are not just humoring the octogenarian old goat.

While I was chewing the fat with the reference supervisor she told me that they get fairly regular requests for copies of articles from the old *Small Boat Journal* that went under because their editorial style didn't attract enough advertising. The New Hanover County Library is one of only three libraries in the world, she told me, with a complete *SBJ* collection (my collection). They also have my collections of *MAIB* and *WoodenBoat* and I am in the process of getting my extensive collections of books on boat building and nautical history to them. There is no better place to make them available to the younger enthusiasts while giving me far more satisfaction than selling them on eBay.

Now, on to global warming. 2006 may barely have been the warmest year since records were kept in the US, but someone my age clearly remembers the second warmest, 1934, the year of the dust bowl. The historical and geological records shows repeated cycles with far higher CO₂ than today and in each case the CO₂ highs came much after the maximum temperatures had been reached. These are actual data, not predictions of computer models of climate of what might happen decades down the road. Unfortunately, manmade global warming religionists don't even want to hear any discussions that might counter their theology.

I may not be around long enough to say "I told you so," but I don't like the higher food prices resulting from the senseless diversion of corn to ethanol. The Coca Cola folks have got their formula out of the safe trying to figure alternatives for the increasingly expensive high fructose corn syrup sweetener in their beverage.

I especially enjoyed David Kline's article, "Tidal Rivers," because I grew up in Simsbury, Connecticut, and am very familiar with the Farmington River and the Connecticut River. After one disastrous sudden summer flood (I'm fuzzy as to the year) there was a photo of a rigged Sunfish swept from the bank above Winsted and left high and dry on the sign of a commercial building at about the second floor level.

Smooth Sailing!

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Projects...

Building a PDR

I have completed a 27-page guide to building a PDR (Puddle Duck Racer) called "Camp Sailboat." It's primarily meant for novices and for people who want to help kids build their own racing sailboats in programs that run for a few days in the late spring and summer. Because there are grants available for this sort of thing from some of the major building supply stores and other sources, I thought there might be some school programs or camp directors out there who might be interested.

I will soon be working on my third version of this little boat in an effort to simplify and shorten the instructions and the building process even further while maintaining the safety factor that goes along with having 2" of styrofoam in the sides, bow, and stern of a 4'x8' boat. I also hope to make full-sized cardboard templates available for the sides, stern, and bow for a nominal fee.

PolySail International supports this racing class and offers a special PolySail 10'x16' kit for \$49.95 + S&H to people who build this boat and receive hull numbers from David (Shorty) Routh. It's probably one of the few sailboats that can be built easily by a novice for \$200-\$300. The cost might even be under \$200 each if several boats could be built at once and programs were able to take advantage of economies of scale.

Dave Gray, PolySail International, 22 Sunblest Ct., Fishers, IN 46038-1175, (317) 915-1454, www.polysail.com

Stretched Bolger Bantam

Here is a photo of my 26' stretched Bantam by Bolger during February's circumnavigation of south Florida, about 600 miles, no problems. She is shown beached in 6" of water in the boonies. Tender on roof is a Bolger June Bug.

John Bartlett, Ft. Pierce, FL



Sailor Girls Built in 3½ Days

Pictured herewith are the five Sailor Girls built at our 3½ day spring workshop at my Home Shop in Charlotte, Michigan. Participants came from as far as Florida to build their own boats, complete with sails and rigging.

We'll be doing this again May 15-18, 2008. It's an intense but rewarding experience for all, including me.

John Wilson, the Home Shop, Charlotte, MI



This Magazine...

Enjoyed Earl Brockway Story

I especially enjoyed the freighter canoe story in the April 1 issue as well as the Earl Brockway story. *National Fisherman* did a story on Earl about 20 years ago, complete with photos. I always thought that would make a great reprint for *MAIB*.

Your editorial comments were right on the money. Thank you for being a sane voice, we really need it these days.

Pat Mulligan, E. Hampton, NY

About Over-Regulation

Your Commentary in the March 1 issue was just about perfect, it's the best and sanest response I've read to the wave of over-regulation that's about to swamp us all.

Why must it be that those who pollute the least get regulated the most? And as for that safety thing, well you said it perfectly.

Tedd Bohnaker, El Paso, TX

Best Available

MAIB is the best small boat magazine available today. I find every issue interesting and informative. Keep it coning.

Gerry Sneekhaus, Bartonville, IL



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Book Review

Around The World Single-Handed The Cruise of the *Islander*

By Harry Pidgeon

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

I think Harry Pidgeon was an exceptional fellow with a lot of determination and skill. I suppose you shouldn't try to relate these personal characteristics to the part of the world where one grows up, but for the record Harry was born and raised on a farm in Iowa and did not see the ocean until he was 18 years old in California. Harry was a Midwesterner.

Briefly, a few of Harry's accomplishments: He ranched in California, went to Alaska, hiked over Chilcoot Pass, built a boat at Marsh Lake (headwaters of the Yukon River), and floated down the Yukon to its mouth. This was a few years prior to the Klondike gold rush of 1897-98. Harry returned to Alaska, owned a small vessel, and sailed around southeastern Alaska. He was a

professional photographer in the Sierra Mountains, built the *Islander*, a 34' yawl without a motor, in 18 months of hard work with his own hands spending \$1,000 on materials. He sailed the *Islander* to Hawaii and back and then sailed her around the world in just under four years (of which cruise this book tells the story). And Harry is a good writer.

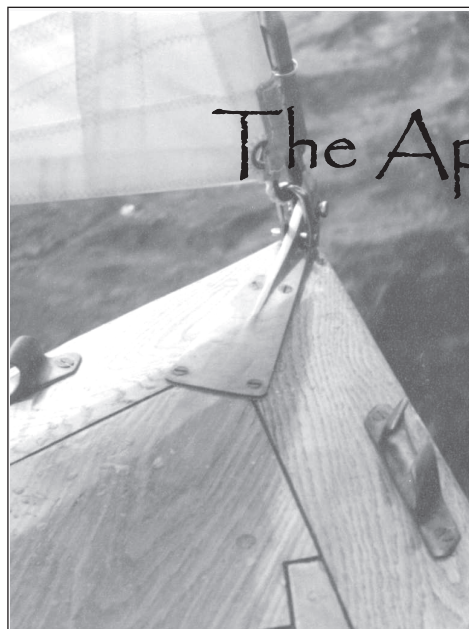
This book is Harry's account of the 'round the world trip in the *Islander*, leaving Los Angeles on November 18, 1921, always traveling west, going around Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, then across the Atlantic Ocean to the Panama Canal and on up north to Los Angeles, arriving on October 31, 1925. Harry's first stop 42 days after leaving LA was the Marquesas Islands, a beautiful place. The *Islander* continued on west to Tahiti, Bora Bora, Samoa, Fiji, New Hebrides, Thursday Island, and on. The book has 61 photographs taken by Harry plus three illustrations and a map of the voyage. He describes the people that he met, their wonderful hospitality, and their ways of life. It must have been hard to leave when surrounded by such beautiful country, healthy climate, and friendly people. But Harry would stay for awhile, make friends with the local folks, see the countryside, perform necessary boat maintenance and repairs, and then cruise on.

The sailing was tough at times with strong storms and big seas lasting for several days, and once the boat ran aground on the west coast of Africa. Harry said that he did not seek adventure by looking for trouble or taking unnecessary chances, but he said adventure will find one on a voyage as long as this one.

The book is well written, exciting, and difficult to put down. Harry's reason for the voyage was not just for the sailing but also "to see" some of the most interesting parts of the world. Harry sums up his voyage this way, "Those days were the freest and happiest of my life."

Believe me you will enjoy Harry's story.

Editor Comments: This book is long out of print, try your library, it's worth the reading.



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In 1942 I lived on an island in the middle of the Potomac River, just below Sycamore Broad water where the water flowed into the feeder into the C & O Canal to Georgetown, DC. The island was 99' high and about two city blocks long. It was called High Island because it was high. No one lived on the island year round and we did not either until we rebuilt our cabin for winter habitation.

To get to the island we used a john boat. This involved the use of a cable from the island to the lower riverbank. The john boat transported everything to the island. It was 13' long with a 3'x3' platform at each end. It was chained to the cable and required our hand-over-hand pulling to get across the fast-flowing feeder. There were two landings, one belonged to a Mr. Rubin Skinner who was a contractor. He had about five cabins on the very top of the island for a recreational area for his crews. The island was, and I guess still is, owned by the Appalachian Power Company but there was no electricity on the island.

Only one well provided water. After several incidents involving dead mice in the

Necessity is the Mother of Invention

By Dolly Dockins

well, we pushed two 50gal new oil drums filled with fresh water into the feeder and swam them down to the inlet at our landing. Several friends helped us push them up the incline behind our kitchen and we had water until it ran out and this feat had to be performed again.

My first husband, Pete, and I had had two children, Jan and Karen, and when I needed to cross the feeder with them I needed both hands free. I asked my dad, Jack Hazzard, to make me a papoose carrier so I could have both hands free. He had grown up in Syracuse, New York, near the Onondaga Indian Reservation and was an honorary member of the tribe because he saved the life of a brother of Chief Harry Issacs. Dad made one and it became so useful to me.

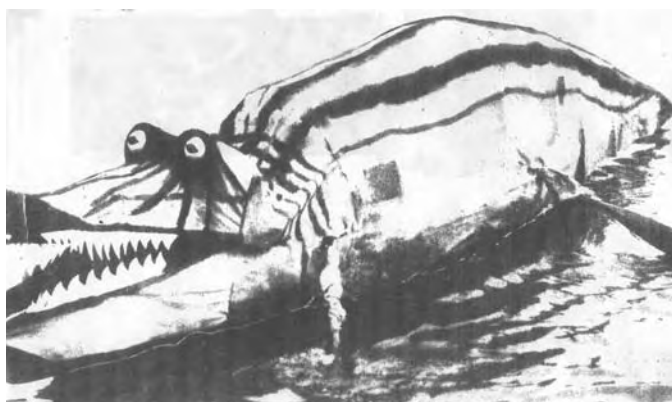
Some readers may have heard of my dad, Jack Hazzard, of the Washington Canoe Sailing Club in Washington, DC. He and my brother John won second places in two President's Cup Regattas in 1934 and 1935. My husband Pete and I won first places in 1934 and 1935. We were using sailing rigs designed by my Dad with 125sf of sail and both canoes were Morris canoes. We used sliding seats to hike out on.

When I wanted to go to the grocery store I used the Fox kayak that Dad and Pete had made. I put Jan in the papoose and set it facing me in the kayak. Jan loved to ride in the papoose. Jan is now building wooden kayaks that are beautiful to special order.

On my trips to the store I often had another passenger who always jumped aboard before I took off. This was a half Persian kitten named Per. When I had paddled up the feeder to the grocery store at Sycamore, Maryland, Per liked to ride in the half bushel basket that I used to carry groceries. That cat loved water and when the water covered the steps at the landing about 2" deep, he would come and sit on the step with me.



Jan and I in the Fox kayak on our way to the store in Sycamore.



One of Dad's clever ideas for the Decorated Canoe Parade held every year at the Tidal Basin in Washington, DC. This one was in 1922 and Dad won with this wild alligator. He had trouble seeing when paddling unless he stepped on a plank inside that opened the mouth which was lined with red flannel.

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Whatever Happened To Mac McCarthy?

By Sandy Lawrence



Several issues back there was an inquiry about Mac McCarthy, Feather Canoes, Sarasota, Florida. After some cajoling I was able to encourage Mac to let me take a few pictures, for words alone seem likely to convey a less than robust response to that question.

The true measure of a man is not seen when he is basking in the light of his success, but rather when he stands tall in the shadow of his travail. As many of his friends know, Mac has suffered numerous debilitating setbacks; heart attack, diminished lung capacity, and continuing struggles with his eyesight. Each of these experiences has removed him further from his passions of boatbuilding, paddling, reading, and writing and have made it impossible for him to provide care for his wife, "The Bear," who has suffered a stroke.

Mac now finds himself largely confined to a wheelchair and a just adequate room in an assisted living facility. Anyone who has visited this type of an environment can realize how difficult it would be to convey an accurate view of the life that Mac has created for himself.

After numerous tries Mac has settled on a pair of spectacles that allow him to work at his computer, resume his boat building, albeit on a much smaller scale, and do some reading. Anybody who has enjoyed Mac's earlier efforts at modeling will remember how effectively he could take a boat plan and turn it into a model filled with the feelings of a real working boat, complete with his signature man made from a pipe cleaner. Mac's passion for boats has allowed him to reach back into yellowed folders, first filed way back in the '50s and now being drawn out to add to his armada.

Mac has had occasion to sell a couple of his models which, of course, is the goal of any good boat builder. One of his more recent models under construction is a Revenue boat that would typically hold one cannon amidship and leave a casual observer wondering how it could be fired without demasting the boat. As with all his boats, Mac did extensive research on its history.

Mac has also pecked away at the possibility of writing a second book. Anyone who has enjoyed reading his first book, *Feather Weight Boatbuilding*, would quickly recognize his passion, not only for boat building, but also for the many wonderful places that the boat one builds can take one. Those who had the pleasure of watching Mac teach and time and again help a student produce a fine boat ready to varnish in two weeks or less became aware of the many little tricks that Mac used for keeping a project on schedule and ensuring that the boat would not only look well, but perform as intended.

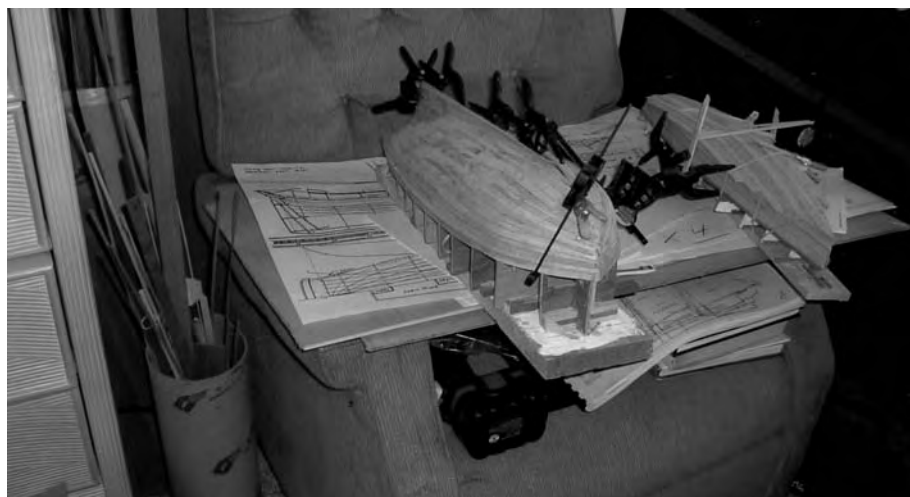
I think Mac recognizes the contribution that he could make by writing a book dedicated to revealing the many ways that one can recover from mistakes and the little tricks that can be used to make things work when the wood or plan is frustrating. Mac is still a storehouse of information on boat building and hopefully he will discover a path to complete his book. Mac has always valued the balance found in mixing work, pleasure, and discovery. In his new circumstances he has struggled to find a balance that he thinks would make a good read. He is not just quite there yet.

The pictures convey a unique perspective on one man's life. His room is not a reflection of a life past but rather a continuing work in progress. On the bureau is an array of cannons that are being prepared for the wait-



ing ship. The lazy boy is a repository for research and models underway. His computer is new and he does read his email. He has a television but seldom has time for it. Yes, he does miss his shop, his trips to the swamp, lunch hour conversations, and fellow boat builders but he still has a sense of humor, purpose, and passion that many never find.

So for those wondering what has happened to Mac McCarthy, the answer is a lot. As to how Mac is doing, I think he will always do just fine as long as he knows someone is out there in a Wee Lassie. Mac may not stand often anymore, but he is still standing tall.



Perhaps some readers will empathize with me about the feelings of loss I am experiencing. In short, no more boats, no more boathouse, no more island in my life. An important part of me just isn't here anymore.

I am a very old man, halfway through my 89th year with tons of memories squirreled away. All through my childhood, young adulthood, middle age, and old age there has been one constant in my life, a small island of two acres in beautiful Lake Joseph in the Muskoka Lakes Region of southern Ontario. My grandfather, the Parliamentary Librarian of Ontario, after several years of looking, bought Fairy Island for \$300 in 1898. He and his three teenaged sons (my uncles) built the cottage in six weeks that spring. It was habitable enough by mid-July so that Grandmother Pardoe could bring the rest of the family, four daughters, settle in, and feel well-housed. I'm not really sure how they did this but family legend has it that way, so it's true.

Summers were idyllic. Lake Joseph was beautifully clear, one could see down 15'-20'. The island was home to marvelous tall pines, many hemlocks, red oak, moose maple, white cedar, and other trees. There were several small bays and inlets and a couple of sandy beaches for little people who couldn't swim yet. The rest of the shoreline was rocky, the granite of the Laurentian shield.

In the first or second year Grandfather bought the family's first boat, an 18' lap-strake rowboat with three rowing positions plus bow and stern passenger seats. It was possible to fit all nine Pardoes in the boat and nobody had to take a deep breath. She was named *Iverna*. I know not why, but it has stuck. It was a 30-year-old boat when it first came to Fairy Island and Grandpa had to put in a new keel, a very complicated process for any librarian. And, because they had this boat, there had to be a boathouse.

The original boathouse was built on a shallow ledge of rock about 40' away from the house. Half of the boathouse was on the ledge above water, the other half on the ledge below water on cribbing, filled with rock to protect against ice shoves and wave action. It was a simple shed to begin with but how it blossomed!

After *Iverna* Grandfather bought a smaller 16' rowboat, very light and easily rowable by even very young members of the island society. This became known as the "little rowboat," and although in almost constant use for a hundred years, has never acquired a specific name. Next, because they needed to get to the mainland for mail and staples they bought a sailboat, an 18' catboat named *Westwind*, that could easily carry six or seven persons and the sail to Hamill's Point for the mail was always exciting. There was just enough room for a small person to sit on deck forward of the mast, sometimes with legs dangling, one on each side, always to be first and in charge of the bow hawser.

By 1910 the family had acquired two rowboats, two canoes, and a sailboat. Grandpa had also built a big workbench at the land end of the boathouse, complete with a wooden carpenter's vise and a myriad of tools. All the boats could be put inside for the winter, but the sailboat had to be under cover and ready to go. It needed a covered slip so a lean-to slip was created on the east side where the properly tied catboat had only her fore-deck and mast exposed to the weather. This arrangement held for about 12 or 14 years.

All The Boats And The Boathouse

By David Pardoe

When Grandpa died and Uncle Bill inherited we entered a new era in island living. Uncle Avern sold his Dispro (Disappearing Propeller) boat to Uncle Bill, gasoline power had come to the Fairy Island boathouse. Another slip was built on the west side of the boathouse for the "DP" Essentially the Dippy, as it was usually called, was a big sturdy rowboat with a small cantankerous one-cylinder engine made by someone named Kingfisher. To start it was an engineering procedure, first throw the flywheel a few times, then prime, set the spark, throw the flywheel one, five, or ten times, whatever it took to make magic and go.

The disappearing propeller aspect was interesting. There was a universal joint in the propeller shaft, below water, and a lever connected behind it could lift shaft and propeller up into a metal housing inside the boat, leaving only 2"-3" of propeller in the water. This made for a diminution of speed from about 6mph down to 1.5mph or less. But aha! Then we could go in very shallow water where other craft dare not tread (that's figurative talk). This may have been a very great sales advantage and these queer little craft had a run of popularity for about 20 years.

New, faster, finer looking craft were coming in everywhere and it took about 50 or 60 years for people to re-discover that the little DP boats had genuine quality, simple engine, thrifty, quiet, low maintenance, status symbol, sign of responsible wealth. Good to show off parasols in on Sunday. But I digress.

The picture of the boathouse was taken about 1940. Looking carefully at it one can just see the stern of our Dippy peeking out the lefthand slip. The righthand slip houses a new (secondhand) small motorboat called the CCV. She was 21' long, V-bottomed, hard chined, and had a converted four-cylinder Chevrolet engine. The crank to start the engine was on a shaft that came right through the hatch wall and the dashboard. This meant that the driver did not have to raise the engine cover and climb in and turn the engine over, it could all be done from the cockpit. CCV was really quite fast and the little Chev engine made it slide through the water. But CCV had taken over *Westwind*'s slip and, if you study the picture, you will see that she is tied up between our pumphouse and the boathouse. That flag hanging out is to tell the Imperial Oil boat to stop and fill our 90-gallon tank. So far the Pardoe family had an unbroken record of buying only pre-owned boats. Not a new one in the lot.

By 1935 *Iverna* needed another keel. This job was undertaken by Professor W.S. Pardoe (my Uncle Bill) successfully. The old boat looked like new. She was a stylish boat often used for family picnics. But the days of oar and sail were rapidly coming to a close, even the practice of buying someone else's old boats. When CCV seemed too old to rescue, Uncle Bill bought a fine new runabout from W.S. "Billy" Johnston of Port Carling, the inventor and builder of the "DP." Puck was 22x5½', had a big sturdy engine, and proceeded through the waters at a good pace. The first new boat! *Puck*, like all Fairy Island boats except *Iverna*, had a fairyish name but

she lasted all through the '30s and into the '60s with very little trouble.

I don't remember when the DP was sold but I do know that in 1946 my uncle went back to Billy Johnston with a design for a fishing boat that looked surprisingly like a sailboat with an engine in the middle. This one was white cedar over oak ribs and had a St. Lawrence one lunger that had to be thrown by hand. When Uncle Bill sprained his wrist on kickback from the flywheel he had the St. Lawrence removed and a Universal Atomic Four replaced it. This little open boat is known as *Puckish*.

When my sainted uncle went to his reward in 1962 there were two motorboats, two rowboats, and one canoe in my inheritance, all in lakeworthy condition. I began to think of them as a patrimony. By 1962 *Iverna* was close to 90 years old, the little rowboat was at least 50, and Uncle Billy's canoe (16' white cedar planking with oak ribs, exceedingly light, and very quick, a pleasure to be in but somewhat dicey) was about 50 also.

Sometime shortly after WWII Uncle Bill had sold *Westwind*. When I found out I remonstrated with him. He defended his action by saying, "I paid \$90 for her and I sailed her for 45 years. I loved her and I sold her for \$50. I'm satisfied with that deal."

Puckish, which I thought of as clunky and dowdy, was a good gofer boat for mail and groceries, she could carry four or five easily, was a tad wet in a breeze, but always safe and often reliable. *Puckish* occupied the slip built for the DP up until 2005, a marine definition of survivor.

It took me some time after Uncle Bill's death to realize that the island and the house (now a six bedroom summer home) and the boathouse were all my responsibility and if I didn't do things they didn't get done. There always seemed to be something that had to be done each particular summer. Ontario winters can be very hard on summer homes and boathouses. My guests got accustomed to my rhythm of work, mornings on the project, afternoons for rest, swimming, and excursions to the mainland or lake exploration. Nobody ever complained and we accomplished all kinds of things. We were all 40ish or 50ish and energetic.

By 1964 I was getting antsy about *Puck*, our bigger Billy Johnston boat. Although in excellent condition and a fine example of Johnston's work, she just didn't fit in with my dreams of a really fine boat. I was wrong about that but didn't really discover this until years later. What I really wanted was a boat built by the famous Muskoka builder Hubert Minett. I knew we couldn't afford one of Minett's gorgeous long-deck mahogany launches, too big for our boathouse anyway. I had watched those stately craft slice through the waters for years with envy.

Finally a tiny lady down the lake, an old friend of Uncle's, said she wanted to sell her 1934 two cockpit runabout built by Minett/Shields. Shields joined Minett's business, and had sold this early boat to his "Auntie" Maybelle Beatty. Ms. Beatty had gotten to the stage in life where she felt she could no longer manage a boat like her *Radio* and wouldn't I like to buy it? You bet I would and I did. We worked out a deal for about \$2,500 Canadian dollars and I finally had my dreamboat.

I was unhappy with the name *Radio* and changed her to *Mab* after Spenser's faerie queene, although I suggested to Mrs. Beatty



The boathouse ca 1914, people unknown.



Inside the boathouse in 1981. The little rowboat's to the right, Uncle Billy's canoe on the rack, the Gentleman's Trout Boat (the *Trollop*) in the foreground.



The boathouse ca 1940, Dippy in left slip, CCV in right, *Westwind* moored to boathouse and pumphouse.



At work on my grandfather's bench in 1981.

The boathouse in 1981, on the east wharf *Iverna* getting a new coat of varnish.



The boathouse gets rebuilt cribs, new flooring and front deck in 1998. *Puckish* is in left slip.



that she had inspired the name. *Mab* never disappointed, stayed with me until 2005, always looked good, moved well, got great comments all through the years. It was a wrench to let her go after 41 years of great boating but she brought about 20 times what I paid for her, making up in part for all the money I had to spend on her upkeep and insurance, etc.

By 1970 our big rowboat *Iverna* needed another new keel and so I took her to Gordon Fairhall of Port Carling and he worked her over during the winter. When I picked her up in the spring he had done a first rate job, replanking most of her bottom. Now there were only seven of her original planks left. All the new ones were white cedar just like the old ones but there's no question which is which. Fairhall's restoration has lasted into this century with a lot of TLC from various family members who honor and respect this old lady, circa 135 years. She may not need a new keel for ??? years

A cousin died and left me a sailboat he'd had for several years but had never gotten its bottom wet. Instead it had been home to porcupines. Could we rescue it? With a lot of optimism, energy, and some small outlay for various fittings we made her reasonably lakeworthy except for an unreasonable leak around the centerboard box. Nonetheless we sailed this dear little lapstrake Marconi rigged skiff for several years, always exciting. She bounced around from wave to wave with the skipper hauling and slacking the Egyptian cotton sail Oh, that wonderful aroma!

Around about 1980 I decided I wanted a little more sedate craft, one I could take three or four people onboard. I bought a new keel boat, 18' long, 3' depth, 5' beam. All gleaming yellow fiberglass, a "Minuet" class, built in Canada. My wife became an ardent sailor and a first class mate. My friend Charles Wheaton, a WW II pilot and a power boater all his life, came for a sail with me one sparkling day when he was in his late 70s. His first sail, he claimed, and said it had been

a life changing experience. He'd worked with engines all his life and here was all this wonderful experience with wind. He was rapturous and shortly produced a lovely oil painting of this latter day *Westwind*. We kept her for about ten years and only sold her because we needed money for some other project. It was a mistake because my wife, Ruth, was really unhappy without a good sturdy sailboat.

I waited two or three years and bought a used Lightning class sloop. This boat was 19'x5½', was hard chined and had a centerboard, and really flew through or on top of the water, depending on the breeze. Her name was *Anna-Banana*, a reference to her hull color. We never changed it but she was just too much for me to handle, I was beginning to feel my years. My adventures with sailing were closing down. But oh, the excitement of a sail in a Lightning!

There is just one boat I haven't mentioned (post-traumatic stress, or maybe just sublimation?). About 30 years ago my wife and I were antiquing in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and we were going through a dealer's warehouse. Up on a rack I spied a small wooden boat, a rowboat about 12' long. It had beautiful lines, a graceful curved entry (the stem), and a wineglass stern. All between was smooth flow, just like the kind to offer least resistance when underway.

When the dealer took it off the rack we found it had one seat for the oarsman in the middle and a kind of seat close to the stern, not big enough for a person, just right for the fishing tackle. "It's a gentleman's trout boat, comes from the Adirondacks," he explained, and a lot became clear. It was designed for trolling with a little stern deck edged with nickel to prevent wear and tear by the lines in the water. "She's about a hundred years old." Even dusty, dirty, and cluttered she was beautiful, fetching, very tempting. I had to have her and cheerfully paid the \$200 asking price, absolutely fascinated with this wonderful find.

Before I put her in the water I carefully caulked all the seams and suspicious looking spots and gave her a nice coat of green paint. When I put her in the water to "soak up" she promptly filled up to the gunwales. Of course, she never sank, wood does have some buoyancy. But the trout boat never did soak up tight, never did stop leaking copiously. Whenever we took her out for a row she came home with 6" inches of water (or more) in the bilge. Her beauty had been a betrayal. Her aged planks had turned to dry rot and pith. Her ribs were in advanced stages of osteo-periliosis (a term I invented especially for her). Why hadn't I seen all this in that dealer's warehouse? It's simple, it was "love at first sight" combined with "love is blind."

I began to think of her as a trollop. The next time I saw a friend in the boat repair business, a gentleman of elegant demeanor and the distinguished name of Campbell-Smith, I indicated that I had a little witch for sale. After inspection he thought he could do something with her. When I stopped in at his shop the following summer he said, "Oh yes, I sold her some time ago to a nice family with a good home."

"Did they find a way to keep her afloat?"
 "Not exactly, what they wanted was a planter for their garden with a nautical motif. What they liked most was her beautiful curves."

There came a time, and it came gradually at first, and then faster, when we realized we were being outclassed in Muskoka. I am a former public school teacher, as is my wife, and we have satisfactory income to meet all our needs. My son, the new owner of Fairy Island, is in a similar bracket. Properties all around us were being snapped up, gobbled up, not by millionaires, but billionaires, the kind of people who donate colleges, or have made history in films, or playing hockey. They built grand "hotels" to live in and palaces for their boats. Could you believe a million dollar boathouse? No use our trying to keep up with those Joneses!

But giving up Fairy Island meant parting with 107 years of family history and losing those spirits who resided in every room of the old house and every part of the island. One small point that protrudes from the back of the island and now has trees 75' tall was actually built by Grandfather Pardoe. I dimly remember him gathering rocks from all over the island in his old punt to anchor the logs he had put together as a foundation for this construction. Eighty-five years on, it is a permanent feature of the lakescape and shows up on contemporary maps and aerial photos. Grandfather called it "New Ontario" and the name has held, but will probably last only in Pardoe memories.

I think the hardest part of this end game was leaving the boathouse where I spent so many hours at Grandfather's workbench with its carpenter's vise with a large wooden screw closer and the collection of "valuables" filed away under the bench. By the time it was all over we were down to two motorboats, *Puckish* and *Mab*, two rowboats, *Iverna*, the little rowboat, and Uncle Billy's cedar canoe.

Mab went up for sale. One day Ed Skinner of Duke Boat Works called to say he had a good prospect and would we be home? Skinner is a magic name in Muskoka for boat repair and restoration, the business has been in Port Carling for almost a century. Anyway, he and the prospect showed up and I took them to the boathouse. He stepped in, took one look around, stopped, and put his hands up to his face in wonder.

He said, "I can't believe all this, Those beautiful rowboats, that white cedar canoe, the oars overhead, the paddles racked, the life preservers (not PFDs), the fishing tackle. There's nothing faked here and the smell!" We'd redone the floor with 2" BC red cedar a few years before and the aroma came back whenever the floor was the least bit wet. Ed knew he was looking at a lot of boating and family history. His tribute was honest and memorable. His prospect loved *Mab* and Ed made the deal. We left Fairy Island a short while later for the last time.

My son bought a place on another lake in Ontario, also in the Laurentian Shield, not an island but a point of land with views on three sides. It's lovely and he's built a roomy boathouse with several modern improvements but it has Grandfather's workbench in one corner and a nice slip for *Puckish*. But it doesn't have a roomy front deck for swimming, loafing, and sunning. It's nice but it just doesn't have a hundred years of family history, of old time stories, and memories of youth. Even though Fairy Island memorabilia are all around, the ghosts, the memories, the history, the feeling of belonging is missing.

I hope it doesn't take a whole century for it to collect these for itself because some of us just don't have that kind of time.

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Our gaff rigged catboat, the beautiful *Westwind*, in a smart breeze ca 1915.



The family sets out in the Lightning *Anna-Banana* ca 1998.

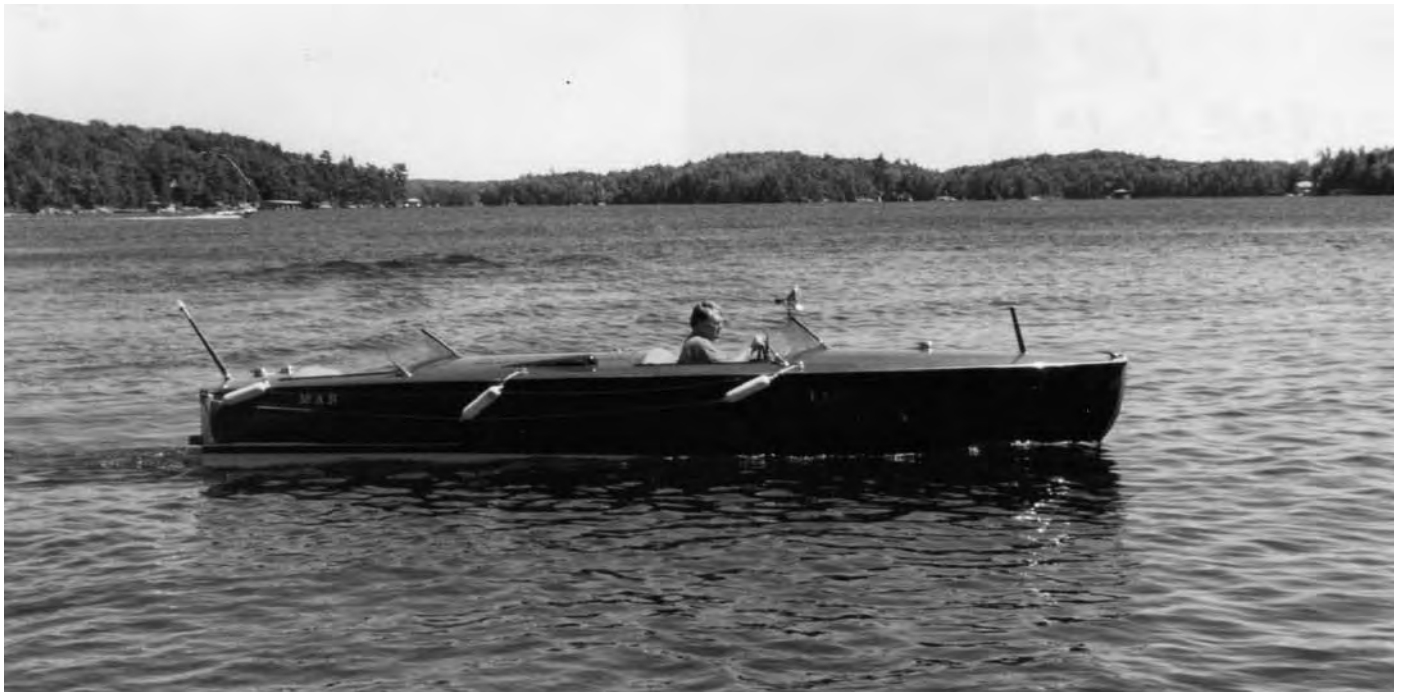


Iverna at the boat show in Port Carling, Ontario, in 2001, at least 103 years old.



In port at Foots Bay, Ontario, on a rainy day, *Puckish* looking businesslike.

Dave Jr. in my Minett-Shields runabout, *Mab*, in 2001.



What has become of *Leiv Eriksson*? Since early October the yachting world has asked itself this question, although it seems now that the answer cannot come through until the melting ice liberates the Arctic in the spring. In the meantime, no news is good news and it is the belief of those best qualified to know that Nutting, Hildebrand, Todahl, and Fleischer are alive and safe somewhere along the western coast of Greenland.

It was in the spring of last year that William Washburn Nutting, formerly editor of *Motor Boat* and long before that the controller of *MoToRBoatinG's* destinies first announced his latest trans-Atlantic venture. He would go to Bergen, Norway, he said, pick up a sturdy sloop, and thence follow the Viking trail to America. Arthur S. Hildebrand, who has done most of his cruising in the blue water of the Mediterranean, volunteered to accompany him for the sake of contrast and novelty, and John M. Todahl, the marine artist whose color illustrations have often appeared on *MoToRBoatinG*, who has cruised single handed from New York around again to New York via Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, and the open sea, agreed to make the third of the American party. Arriving in Norway, the three picked up Fleischer, a state official of Arctic experience who was given leave of absence by his government to make the voyage.

In speculating on the present whereabouts of these four Arctic voyagers, it must therefore be realized that they are all hardy, able, resourceful men. Moreover, Nutting is one of the luckiest daredevils that ever braved the uncertainties of an oceanic voyage. Mishaps that would have proved the end of another man have been carelessly turned to the account of this accomplished seaman who is always planning fresh adventures while his friends are still congratulating him on his escape from the last.

On July 4 *Leiv Eriksson*, a staunchly built 42' auxiliary powered sloop named in honor of the Viking discoverer of America, left Bergen bound for Reykjavik, Iceland. At about the same time the yacht *Shanghai*, owned by Judge Wells who subsequently experienced shipwreck on the Nova Scotia coast, departed from Bergen with the same objective but arrived several days sooner.

On July 26 Nutting, having touched at the Faroes along the way, put in his appearance at Reykjavik and when Judge Wells sailed for Greenland a few days later, the skipper of *Leiv Eriksson* announced his intention of departing within the week. However, the US Army world flyers were at the capital of Iceland at the time and for one excellent reason or another the modern Vikings delayed their start until August 10.

The precise date of their arrival at Julians-Haab, Greenland, is not known, but even before they were reported there the false news of their safe landing at Battle Harbor, Labrador, was broadcast to the world. This circumstantial story, which was immediately proved to be lacking in the remotest shred of truth, caused a good deal of confusion when in mid-October the Cruising Club of America, an organization of blue water yachtsmen, began the search for *Leiv Eriksson*. The Cruising Club, acting through Commodore Martin S. Kattenhorn, Herbert L. Stone, and Henry A. Wise-Wood, enlisted the services of the state departments of the American, Canadian, Norwegian, and other governments and every possible means

Where is *Leiv Eriksson*?

All Yachtsmen are Asking the Question...Unexplained Absence of Reports of William Washburn Nutting and His Venturesome Crew Causing Much Concern

Submitted by Pat Atkin of Atkin Boat Plans (Pat states, "Came across this article the other day. It was amongst old papers. It is interesting and dated (1920s), which is always good!")



Arthur S. Hildebrand and William Washburn Nutting embark by ocean liner for Norway to take delivery of Nutting's sloop, aboard which they disappeared off Greenland en route home.

of search whether by wire, radio, or vessel was instituted.

The Western Union Telegraph Company expedited the important matter but at every turn the searchers were confronted with the news that the lost ship had arrived safely in Battle Harbor. Flocks of cablegrams came from abroad saying that Lloyd's had posted her safe arrival and so it must be true. Eventually Lloyd's was persuaded to contradict the news. In the meantime it was learned that an American cousin of Fleischer's had heard via Norway of the departure of the Viking boat from Julians-Haab on September 8.

Contact was thereupon established with a private radio station in Greenland in the vicinity of Julians-Haab, which lies on the west coast above Cape Farewell, and at first

the news from this station was disheartening. It reported that no word had been heard of either the departure or the arrival of Nutting and his crew. Within a short time, however, this message was cancelled and it was declared that *Leiv Eriksson* had actually shoved off for Battle Harbor on the September 8, the date mentioned in the dispatches from Norway.

But when this news came through the *Eriksson* was already six weeks overdue at Battle Harbor. The distance across Davis Strait is only 600 miles, and even with the poorest break in the way of wind should have been accomplished in two weeks. The Navy Department, requested on October 24 to send a cruiser in search of the missing sloop, had taken no action and affairs were at a standstill.

In justice to the United States Navy, which seemed at this juncture to show a singular disregard for the lives of American citizens, an explanation may be hazarded. The present writer does not enjoy the confidence of Navy officials but he knows that our enlightened Congress, placed in office by a still more enlightened electorate, has put the Navy on a starvation fuel allowance and it may be conjectured that the Navy cannot dispatch a ship a mile off its routine course without the intervention of an act of God. If there were more voting seafarers like Nutting, Hildebrand, and Todahl, the legislative branch of our government might yet permit us to be a maritime nation.

However, we are fortunate in having an executive who executes. On October 31 at 1pm Mr. Wise-Wood telegraphed President Coolidge and put the known facts before him. Exactly three hours later President Coolidge wired back that Captain Kalbfus of the scout cruiser *Trenton* had been given orders to get under way to search for *Leiv Eriksson*. Captain Bob Bartlett, the Arctic explorer who was Admiral Peary's right-hand man, was reached by wire and volunteered his services. Conferences were held for the determination of the area to be combed and as soon as the *Trenton* was ready for sea she departed for Greenland.

On the day of her departure Herb Stone received from Donald B. MacMillan a report of the weather conditions during the week of Nutting's sailing from Greenland. This report chronicled the ushering in of winter in a bad storm off the Labrador coast on September 11 and a violent gale six day later, one of the worst that MacMillan had ever experienced.

This information, which corroborated the conjecture of Captain Bartlett, was radioed to the *Trenton*. She, unarmored and with outstanding screws, was unable to search in the fields of polar ice between Greenland and Labrador and was directed by Captain Kalbfus to the area southeast of Cape Farewell. It was thought that if *Leiv Eriksson* had been dismasted midway between Julians-Haab and Battle Harbor she would have drifted before the prevailing northwest winds to this locality. However, the *Trenton* returned to New York on November 16, her search unsuccessful.

While she was at sea the press reported a derelict sighted in the vicinity of New York and offered the opinion that this was the hulk of the *Eriksson*. Competent authorities decided, however, that, owing to the prevailing direction of the current which sweeps down the coast of Labrador to encounter the north and easterly drift of the Gulf Stream, the *Eriksson* could not have arrived in the report-

ed position of the derelict, which later was judged to be an unlucky rum runner.

The best efforts of the US Navy, therefore, and the constant watchfulness of merchant mariners in the North Atlantic have failed to discover Nutting and his companions. If their yacht was blown southeast in the gale reported by MacMillan, she should, even if disabled, have drifted across the steamer lanes weeks since.

But there remain at least two possibilities on which the friends of these intrepid amateur explorers base their belief that they will show up in the spring of the year. Late in November Commodore Kattenhorn received word from an English firm of importers of Arctic produce that their vessel (unnamed in the letter) encountered a violent southeasterly gale in the vicinity of Julian's-Haab on September 8, continuing until September 11, and swinging into the northwest. This was, no doubt, the same storm that visited Labrador on September 10. So if Nutting, putting forth from Greenland, encountered the southeasterly, he may have sought the nearest harbor and found shelter there. But

being in port in Greenland is not like riding to a mooring in a snug long island cove and, having arrived inside, the *Eriksson* may have been hemmed in by ice, blown down by the ensuing northwesterly.

The country along this southwest coast of Greenland is described by those acquainted with it as being virtually impassable to man or beast during the winter months. Due to pinnacle rocks on the seaboard and glaciers inland, two harbors 20 miles apart may be as far removed from each other in point of communication as north is from south. Hence there is a possibility that Nutting and his crew are wintering in some harbor which is not even accessible to the Eskimos.

The other possibility is that instead of being turned back by gale of September 8, the *Leiv Eriksson* was blown northwest into the ice and there caught. Once surrounded by ice the boat would lose its own volition and be obliged to swing slowly northwest. Hopeless as the mere suggestion of this contingency appears, there is yet ground for hope.

Anthony Fiala, the Arctic explorer, recently called attention to the case of a

party of 19 men, women, and children who lived marooned on an ice cake for six months, all surviving to tell the tale. He also recalled to mind the experience of the captain and crew of the *Hansa* who, abandoning their ship on September 19, 1869, lived on the ice until May 17, 1870, and on June 4 made their way to a settlement on the southwest coast of Greenland.

The words, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," were written of Inferno and not of the ice-capped polar regions. For the Arctic the motto may well be, "Continue to hope all ye whose friends have entered there." The Arctic night is long and it keeps its secrets well. But spring comes and with it the American friends of Nutting, Hildebrand, and Todahl and the well-wishers of Fleischer look confidently to the arrival of these four resourceful adventurers.

(Editor Comments: Nutting and his crew were never found. Pat Atkin states in her letter accompanying this tale that William Atkin always felt that the boat probably had stones for ballast and that they shifted and the boat was destroyed in the bad weather).

This is the true story of how a young sailor with whom I was stationed in 1965 nearly sank one of our submarines and possibly changed the course of history. I was an airborne radar operator and flew in EC121K Lockheed Super Constellation radar patrol planes. Our squadron was decommissioned and many of the radar operators were transferred to helicopter antisubmarine warfare squadrons (HS) at Ream Field, Imperial Beach, California. There was no training to be had. Everything was going to be learned "on the job."

I had never even seen a helicopter up close, let alone a submarine. The helos, SH-3As, used sonar gear that was dipped into the ocean and pinged to find the subs. It had a scope that would give range and bearing to the sub so I guess some genius in Washington decided that was enough similarity to radar to make this work.

The HS squadron I ended up in had a wide assortment of characters. One of them must remain nameless because he was guilty as hell! Petty Officer X was one of those serious, quiet types that you just didn't mess with. He was very muscular and never engaged in small talk. He had this sort of presence about him that you just knew if you caused this guy any problems, bad things would happen to you.

We went to sea aboard the *USS Hornet*, CVS-12. Prior to deployment to WestPAC we would go out to an operating area off the coast of southern California. We would take seven to ten ASW destroyers with us. This made up a Hunter Killer Group (HUK). We also worked with a very elderly fleet snorkel boat. This was a WWII submarine and was the cause of much aggravation for us. It would run on batteries and at 100' of depth or less. If we flew directly over the top of it we could actually see the thing.

One method of attack we used involved dropping a small practice depth charge (PDC) at its location. These depth charges only had 1.1oz. of tetryl and 1.5lbs of inert material. They could only be set for two depths. For some reason every time we "killed" the sub they would send a message

Possibly Changed The Course of History

By Roger Moncrief
AVCM USN Retired

indicating we had missed. They would always do this even when we dropped a PDC directly on top of them!

We carried 16 PDCs in each helo inside a sheet metal box. These PDCs had a blue band around their box. What no one knew was that there was another type of PDC with a red band around it. This PDC had, I believe 1.5lbs of high explosive instead of inert material.

One day Petty Officer X had had enough. With the helicopter hovering directly above the sub, he dumped all 16 PDCs on top of it. To our astonishment the sub immediately came flying up out of the water, shot off a flare of a color that no one had ever seen before, and turned tail for its base. I don't recall the color of the flare but it was purple or some unfamiliar color. Reference material revealed that the flare meant they had an emergency on board and had to return to base for repairs. That was the premature end to the exercise so everyone had to go back into port. I am sure this got a lot of attention from people there in lofty places.

An investigation revealed that several of the helos, including ours, had PDCs with red bands. We later heard that the sub had all of its china broken as well as busted seals, water intrusion, etc. Oddly enough, the submarines we worked with later were pretty honest regarding their assessment of our capabilities.

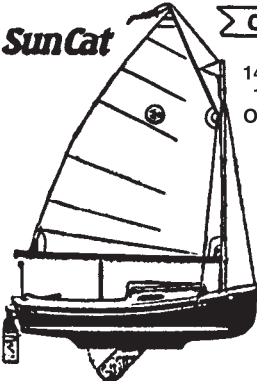
All of the above is as I can best remember after 40 years. So how could have this changed world history? What follows is speculation mixed with personal observation.

I went to the East Coast HS community and in the '80s I found myself on staff duty. There we had some senior officers and I got a better insight into the politics of things. It seems that for years the HS community had

been surviving on the crumbs left over in the budget after all the fighters, attack aircraft, patrol planes, etc. had taken their slice of the Naval Air budget pie. No one believed a helo could even sink a sub. According to some of the officers I spoke to, all that changed in the mid '60s. Money appeared for research, upgraded electronics, etc. By the mid '80s the ASW helos posed a very serious threat to every sub in the ocean.

I am sure this didn't go unnoticed by the Soviets. All their capital ships were submarines. I believe that eventually the Soviets realized their billion dollar subs just didn't stand much of a chance against a \$20 million helo.

Of course, this is speculation, however, serious educated people claim that the death of a butterfly in Brazil can cause a revolution in Yugoslavia. So, who is to say that the rash action of Petty Officer X in 1965 might not have contributed to the downfall of the Soviet Union?



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"Just got a big one!" Mitch said, brushing the sand off the soft-shelled clam he'd just dug.

"Well, you'll need a couple more for bottom fishing. A lot of bait gets rubbed off and nibbled off the hook," I said.

Matt had also dug at the air holes in the sand to find a few for his pail. I was not digging but instead working on my second cup of coffee. We liked using the leathery clam necks as bait because they stayed firmly on the hook. When a fish hook is floating just off the bottom the bait can rub off or, if you're lucky, get nibbled off easily without setting the hook. The fish had to bite hard on the clam necks which made for a good hook set. We also packed a couple of the abundant rocks on my grandmother's beach in our pails to break the shells on the boat seats.

A Full Boat

The air was hazy and warm and the Buzzards Bay breeze was southeasterly, a good day to take the boatload of us fishing via sail power. With my sister Jill and I aboard at the same time, we had the chance to sail the Bullseye with an experienced skipper and crew. Our mother would stay home with our grandmother and, although she would worry until we came back safely, she would probably enjoy the peace and quiet. She once said to my uncle, "There's nothing I'd rather see the kids do than go sailing, and almost nothing that scares me more."

I was 18, Jill was 17, our brothers Mitch and Matt were 13 and 10, and Tish was five. Mitch and Matt were keen to fish that summer and they each took a hand line and their newly-dug clams for bait. I took a handline, too, but as things worked out I never got to use it. Matt also proudly took my father's fishing tackle box. Dad had died that spring and each of us had received one of his personal possessions. Matt had to struggle to carry the tall triple-tiered box, but he wouldn't dream of going fishing without it. We all wanted to honor Dad's memory any way we could.

Were Dad still alive we would have been going out in style on his powerful inboard/outboard runabout with the bimini top, the *Tish*. My mother had decided to sell it in order to help reduce expenses. It pained us all to see it go, especially Matt, since the *Tish* was an ideal fishing boat. We were glad that I had made a Super 8 movie of what turned out to be our dad's last trip on the *Tish* the year before. But we couldn't begrudge Mum the need to cut back on spending under the circumstances. So we made the best of it and set out to get to the Mashnee Flats fishing grounds by sail the old fashioned way.

Around Bassett's Island

Tish wore a bulky orange "life preserver" personal flotation device. The rest of us were swimmers and in those years didn't bother to wear PFDs when boating. Now we all wear them, even as adults. This choice is a lot easier now that PFDs are cut to a vest style, available in a wide range of colors. We packed a good lunch with sandwiches, chips, and sodas and went out in high spirits.

A Bullseye is a fiberglass sloop about 12½' long at the waterline and seats six adults or a snug boatload of five kids plus picnic and fishing gear. Built to the lines of the wooden Herreshoff 12½ with 140sf of sail on a keel of 750lbs, the boat is fast and nearly impossible to capsize. We sailed out of Red Brook Harbor tacking around Bassett's

Snark Bytes

Sail Fishing

By Rob Gogan

Island. We were headed for the tip of Wings Neck where the bottom fishing for fluke and scup was supposed to be especially good at that time. Not being interested in fishing, Jill decided to bring the Sunday *Boston Globe*.

Jill was a good sailor, having taken lessons and raced as I had. Mitch and Matt had been out many times but weren't eager to take the helm. Maybe this is because I was such a tiller hog. Being the eldest, I felt it was my privilege and duty to take control. And I could get a little bossy at the helm when our safety was at risk, and perhaps even more so because our seamanship was under the scrutiny of the entire waterfront community. Jill could definitely handle the boat herself and that was a comfort, but I thought Mitch and Matt were of an age to know more about how to sail.

"Man Overboard!"

So, partly for instructional purposes, I decided to put my siblings through a surprise "man overboard" drill. But there was another compelling reason, I had to relieve myself and I couldn't think of a graceful way to do so in mixed company. Thus, once we had sailed safely beyond the island into the bay, I jumped abruptly over the side yelling, "Man overboard!"

Grinning with relief and amusement in anticipation of their surprise, I treaded water, watching to see what they would do. The boat immediately headed up into the wind and Jill grabbed the tiller with a look that blended puzzlement and anger. She turned the boat downwind immediately. Mitch looked concerned. Matt dropped his jaw in horror. Tish started to cry out of concern for my well-being. Soon Jill had the boys tending the sheets and steering the Bullseye straight for me. She luffed into the wind and deliberately stalled "in irons" just upwind of me and I climbed in.

"Good sailing," I said.

"Why did you do that?" Jill asked.

"Every sailor should be able to rescue someone who falls overboard," I said.

"Next time I'd like a little more warning," Jill said.

"Fair enough." Since then I haven't discontinued with "man overboard" drills, but I toss in a floating object to retrieve instead of jumping in myself. I still believe that every crew member owes it to the captain to take an active interest in how to operate the boat or at least keep it safe should the captain become incapacitated. Another lesson from that day is that I visit the rest room before heading offshore. Nutrient pollution is causing algae to displace more desirable marine flora and fauna in Buzzards Bay. I also go easy on the coffee before sailing.

We Drop the Anchor

I dried out quickly in the warm summer air and we passed Wings Neck and soon came to Mashnee Flats. We dropped the sails and I went forward to set the anchor. We were 100 yards offshore and 200 yards out of the Cape Cod Canal channel. The boys wasted no time baiting their hooks and dropping their handlines. The girls started eating

lunch. I didn't realize that we were right over the old Cape Cod Canal channel, the one that pre-dated the Hog Island channel and the anchor kept falling and falling.

"Do you want your sandwiches?" Jill asked. Tish did, but the rest of us were too busy. For some reason the big Danforth anchor wasn't catching. I had let out at least 100' of chain and line and the maximum depth of the Canal channel was no more than 40'. I was puzzled why the anchor wasn't holding. According to *Chapman's Guide to Navigation and Coastal Piloting* it was big enough for a 25' boat, twice as long as ours.

The anchor was originally intended for my grandfather's Impulse I, a 20' lapstrake-hulled wooden Lyman. My grandfather had shackled 15' of red rubber-coated chain onto this anchor before splicing on a long coil of ¾" Manila hemp. Apparently, with the channel the current had a pretty good fetch and the deep-keeled drifting Bullseye put a sharp angle on the anchor line. Mitch, Matt, and Jill (teaming with Tish) baited their hooks and unwound the lines all the way to the bottom.

"Are We Out of the Way?"

"Are we out of the way of that ship?" Jill asked. I looked up from my attentions to the anchor and saw for the first time an approaching ship about half a mile away. We were still well out of the ship channel although we were drifting parallel to it.

"Oh, we're fine," I said. "I wish this anchor would catch though." Maybe the flukes were snagged in the line.

"I think I got a nibble," Matt said and he pulled up his line to reveal a baitless hook snagged on a blade of eel grass. He re-baited and dropped the hook again. At the rate we were drifting I couldn't imagine his hook would last long before seaweed stripped the bait or fouled the hook I was glad the boys were occupied and not bored out here. I wondered if the anchor were as fouled up as the fishing hooks,

Though we were pointing into the wind we were still drifting with the tide flow. I hauled up the ground tackle hand over hand and we started drifting back closer to the Canal land cut. The anchor felt quite heavy. When I got to the end of the line I was amazed to see a green ball of eelgrass 2' in diameter, completely obstructing the flukes of the anchor. I cleaned off the flat anchor flukes and dropped it again. The fishing lines were leaning way upstream, probably dragging on the bottom and picking up lots of seaweed.

"I think we are drifting in the way of that ship," Jill said again. "Look." The ship was a little closer and we were drifting nearer the channel but it looked like we still had 100 yards or so of clearance.

"I think the anchor is biting now. We'll be OK here," I said. I pulled on the anchor line and it felt firm, and looking at the land we seemed not to be drifting on the north-south axis at least. I pulled out my sandwich and took a bite.

My complacency was soon shattered by the amazingly loud horn of the approaching ship. It was close, no more than 500 yards, and the captain's use of the horn seemed to be fully warranted. We had no doubt that the ship was signaling us to get ourselves away from the channel as quickly as possible. I started pulling up the anchor hand over hand until I was sure it was well clear of the bottom and told the boys to pull in their lines quickly.

Matt Hooks a Big One

"Hey, I've got a fish! A big one!" Matt said. What timing! I thought. Now that the anchor was well clear of the ground, I cleated the line and let the anchor dangle so I could work on getting the sails up and make progress out of the way of the approaching ship. To get the anchor onboard while taking care not to bash in the side of the boat on the way up would have taken too much time.

"This fish must be huge! It's really pulling hard!" Matt said. He didn't express the slightest concern for the approaching ship. I think if we'd been rammed and sunk he wouldn't have minded as long as he was able to hold onto his hooked handline through the ordeal.

Jill took the tiller while I got the big genoa jib hoisted and trimmed, then the main, and we started making headway towards shore. I resumed pulling up the anchor and Matt excitedly bragged on about the monster fish he was bringing up. Soon I could see what he had hooked, the anchor! Matt's handline was tangled among the thick rope of the ground tackle.

"Hey, Matt, you hooked the anchor! Better slack off the line so I can get it out of the water," I said. Matt was heartbroken. His hopes for pulling in a big one had risen so high but now he felt both disappointed and foolish. I couldn't help laughing despite the danger of the ship's proximity and would have split my sides in safer circumstances. I was going to give him some ribbing about this later. No time for that now, I thought as I hurriedly stowed the anchor and line with Matt's fishing line still hooked on, looped all the way under the keel.

Jill was happy to let me take the tiller. Propelled by the big jenny, we sped away far from the channel on a broad reach back towards Wings Neck. Five minutes later the ship made it through the channel about 50 yards from where we had been. Jill was going to be able to give me some ribbing as well.

"Plenty of room, huh?" Jill asked me.

"Well, I thought they had plenty of room. The guy at the helm was just nervous," I said. But I would have been nervous too if I had been steering a 25,000-ton ship and a small boat drifted into our course. "But thanks for keeping a good watch, Jill."

"Sure... I was surprised by how quickly it came up to us," she added kindly. We set sail for Red Brook Harbor, finishing our lunches while Tish taught Jill the hand clapping song Johnny Playmate. Matt was still disappointed that his heavy line had not been a big fish. I was annoyed that the anchor hadn't held and that I hadn't properly accounted for our drift into the Canal channel. I resolved to get another anchor to double our holding power.

"Good thing Mum wasn't on the boat to see that ship," I said, knowing that she'd have had a panic attack of monumental proportions. Jill rolled her eyes and nodded.

"Too bad about that big one getting away," I said to Matt.

"I can't believe it was the anchor line," he said with a sad smile.

We got back to the harbor safe and sound. After de-rigging, the boys and I swam to shore from the mooring while the girls rowed in. No fish to show for it, but we still had an adventure today, I thought. I hoped our next sail would be a little less adventurous, with better ground tackle.



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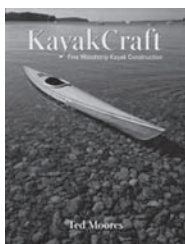
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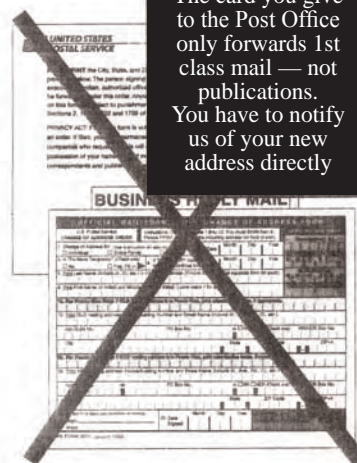
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Cruising Among the Thousand Islands by Sailing Canoe

By Bob Halsey

While camping at Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River Thousand Islands I have made several camping trips with my open sailing canoe. I sail to one of the 15 campsite islands in the St. Lawrence Islands National Park of Canada. Typically, after a busy week of sailing races morning and afternoon at the Sugar Island encampment and maybe taking part in the swim around the island race, I am ready to relax and do something different.

For example, at the end of the first week of the annual encampment in 1989, on Saturday I packed up the canoe with my tent, food, small stove, sleeping bag, and clothes, most of which I put in garbage bags to protect from rain or spray. Then Sunday morning I sailed over to shore and went to early church and breakfast in Gananoque and then started sailing up the river against the wind. The wind is mostly out of the SW and usually is pretty dependable. The seas were not too much for the loaded canoe and I had plenty of room to be comfortable myself. I was sailing my 18' cedar strip I had built the winter before and was quite happy with its performance.

As I was tacking back and forth upwind I got a good view of many of the islands; Corn, the Punts, Leek, Huckleberry, Bostwick, Lindsey, and others. Some islands were wild, some had beautiful homes. I was planning on going to the last of the Admiralty Islands, a park island named Aubrey Island, but I had to be aware that if the wind didn't hold up or if I didn't make the speed I thought I could I might have to stop at a different park island. By mid-afternoon I arrived safely at Aubrey Island. I had a government chart of the waters in a Ziplock bag to help locate myself among the islands.

The park islands have nice docks built for large sailboats and motor yachts and signs identifying the islands. Most of these docks are really too high for a canoe so I looked for a sandy shore or bay to land the canoe. Aubrey Island, like most of the Thousand Islands, is all rocky shore, precambrian rock. I had noticed on the chart a small bay on the north side of the island. I sailed by



it. It was just right, with a rocky barrier across the entrance with a small opening big enough for a canoe and not much else.

I sailed in and landed by a small path. About 100' up on the island was a park campsite, a tent site with wood chips and a grille. I walked to the main dock and self-registered myself. The island was equipped with toilets, a water pump, a picnic shelter, and information on the island and trails to walk the island. I got my supper, enjoyed the sunset over Howe Island, and went for a swim.

After breakfast I loaded up again and this time I sailed west and then south into the open water west of Grindstone. With a south/southwest wind it was a close tack with a good sea running for about four miles sailing toward the New York shore past Grindstone Island on the left and Hickory Island on the right, I rounded Papoose Island and Club Point on the left.

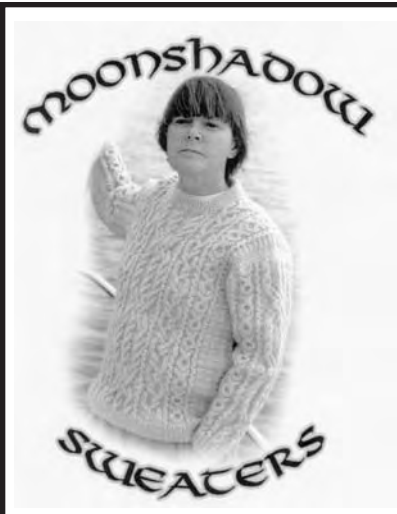
Now I had a nice lazy three to four-mile cruise with a following northwest wind along Grindstone with Clayton, New York, and the Saint Lawrence Seaway channel with its 600' freighters on my right, Those large ships actually made much less wake than a 30' power yacht. Clayton is the location of the Thousand Island Museum where they have

many old canoes and Thousand Island pleasure and workboats on display.

Leaving the shipping channel, I turned more northerly between Grindstone and Pictou Island. This is a rather narrow passage but the wind held favorable for me. I sailed out past Little Gull and Gull Islands on my right. The wind shifted northerly so I had to make some tacks. Now on the left on Grindstone Island were the New York State Park's Picnic Point and Canoe Point where in 1900 the ACA held an encampment and races with the Canadians, with hundreds of people enjoying the outing.

The Gananoque Canoe Club still trains canoe racers but the ACA has not held any joint affairs with them for 20 years. We still get some Canadian decked canoe sailors coming to Sugar Island for our annual encampment sailing races.

So, finally, a few tacks up across the Canadian middle channel and through some of the Fleet islands, like Axman Island and home again to Sugar Island by mid-afternoon. I have made this or similar trips each year now, sometimes stopping at Camelot Island, sometimes caught in the rain. Sometimes it blows hard and other days the winds are light but it always works out as a fun trip. Try it some time.




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This year I was convinced I would race once more in the Mug Race, a 40-mile sailing race in Florida on the St John's River from Palatka to Jacksonville. It would be on May 5 and my 90th birthday would be June 1. It would only take good wind and I would be among the leaders. So I spent many days during the winter sanding and epoxy patching my nearly 20-year-old 18' cedar strip sailing canoe Sugar. I designed a new hal-yard attachment for my ACA Class sail to get a wrinkle out and other little loving touches, taking some practice sails and doing some exercising to get my old bones and muscles to wake up.

On May 3 I drove 320 miles from Naples to the Riverfront Inn in Palatka, parked the trailer and canoe near the launch spot, then drove to the Rudder Club of Jacksonville for my race papers and race sail number-DQ, and got together with my friend Noble Enge, who was not racing this year, to plan for the race. Weather predictions were not too good but could be worse.

Friday I worked to uncover and assemble the rigging and put the race number on the sail, then unloaded the canoe. Some friendly catamaran sailors helped me move the canoe into my launching spot, a grass and rock slope to the water. I would be starting at 7:30am so I would be out of the way of the catamarans that would start later. Noble came in the afternoon to stay overnight and help with the start. The winds on Friday were very light early but filled in nicely later.

Friday evening we attended the skippers' meeting in the Palatka riverfront amphitheater, mainly to coordinate the time on my watch with the start boat's clock. All the boats have predetermined start times. Slow classes first, the faster boats later, over a period of several hours. Then I got my clothes ready for the next day and packed the rest in the car because I would not be there to check out at 11am.

Saturday 5am, time to rise, had a little to eat in the room, cleared the room and loaded the canoe with water, a little food, bananas, apples, and granola bars, checked life jacket, hat, rain jacket, paddle, etc. Then I raised the

54th Annual Mug Race

By Bob Halsey

sails. Noble helped me get the canoe into the water. I waded about to get the canoe pointed the right way and climbed in and a few paddle strokes got me clear of the dock and headed for the start line at 7am. The start line was about ¼-mile out off the hotel. The wind was very light and I just made it for the 7:30am start.

When the sail race began there were five boats in our group at 7:30am and about seven more starting at 7:31am, all types of monohulls. But there was no wind, we were drifting northerly with a very light southeasterly occasional light air. At about one-and-a-half miles a high tension power line on high towers goes across the mile-wide river. It took over an hour to reach that area. I would ordinarily have turned back at this point for it would be hard to finish 40 miles at that rate. But as I thought that since this would be my last time to race in the Mug Race, I would continue and give the weather a chance to improve.

Four miles on this northerly course we turn around Forrester Pt. and headed easterly. On the north shore was a large power plant. It had two plumes of steam rising and drifting northwesterly, but at times the steam went straight up. On the water I was looking for slightest ripples that would indicate an area of wind, and I tacked back and forth within those areas of ripples to make a little progress I noticed a couple of Flying Scots doing the same thing with me.

It is about three-and-a-half miles to Whetstone Pt. and the river turns northeasterly for a mile then north-northeasterly for three miles to Nine Mile Pt. I was following the left shore tacking out and in, trying make headway. Gradually a light variable breeze filled in. As I got closer to Nine Mile Pt. the wind became stronger out of the east. I was getting tired. Noble and I had walkie talkies

but we only made contact with each other once, early on the first leg.

As I approached Nine Mile Pt. the wind really cranked up. Off Nine Mile Pt. there is a large shallow bar that swimmers and fishermen wade out on. I saw a small catamaran capsized ahead of me. As I came up on him he was standing on the pontoon but not righting the boat yet. I heard he did get it up and sailed away. At Nine Mile Pt. the river opens out to the right in a bay a couple of miles across. The wind and waves were getting heavy and I was tired. I had been sailing about nine hours.

I decided I would sail across to Racey Pt. and try to contact Noble. Well, that sail from off Nine Mile Pt. to Racey Pt., about two miles, turned out to be a struggle. I could see the black gusts of wind frothing the water coming at me. Then I was struggling to keep the boat right side up and stay inside the boat as it bobbed and twisted in the wind and waves. As I approached the north shore I got into a little shelter from the wind. There were houses and docks along the shore and on one of the docks right ahead was Noble. I sailed right up to the beach and collapsed in the canoe.

Noble and a homeowner came down to to help me but I said I just needed time to recover and after a few minutes I got up and out of the canoe. The homeowner told us that just beyond the next house we would find a private launching ramp we could use. So I took down the sails and mast and paddled under the dock to the ramp and pulled the boat up on the ramp. Then I called the Rudder Club on the cell phone to report I was safely off the course. We then went back to Palatka to get the car and trailer and back to load up the canoe. We drove back to Noble's before sunset. We found out later that the winner, a big fast catamaran, didn't finish until around 7pm, much later than the usual finishing time.

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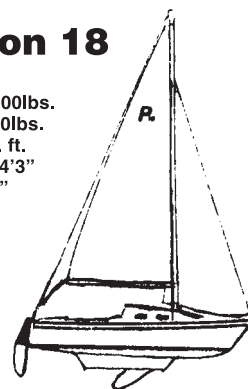
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The International Scene

More than half of the world's 2,144 container ships and multi-purpose vessels in scheduled services operated by more than 60 lines worldwide in about 200 services have been arriving late. This has been partly due to port congestion, notably in Rotterdam, and partly because high fuel prices discouraged lines from speeding up ships to compensate for tardy arrivals. The on-time arrival reliability of individual carriers ranged from 0% to 100%.

Malaysia would like its neighboring nations to provide funding to help it replace navigational beacons and buoys damaged by the December 2004 tsunami. Another purpose of this common fund would be to tackle oil spills in the Strait of Malacca, one of the world's busiest waterways.

The US Jones Act fleet (those vessels trading between US ports) is far larger than most people realize because they focus on only the deep sea, self-propelled fleet. The US fleet has 39,156 vessels, up 59% in 40 years, is actually among the world's largest fleets, and its vessels are growing in both size and carrying capacity. Many of the US fleet are tugs, towboats, and barges.

Dredging the Elbe to accommodate larger container ships at Hamburg is facing opposition from greens and the prime minister for Lower Saxony, Hamburg's neighboring state. He said ships should use a planned deep sea port at Wilhelmshaven, but the Hamburg association of port companies responded by stating that Wilhelmshaven will not be able to handle all the ships calls and both projects are needed.

Additional reasons have appeared as to why *HMS Cornwall* could not or did not protect 15 of its sailors and Royal Marines from being captured by Iraqi forces. They included the facts that the destroyer was in shallow water, its helicopter had been recalled, and its commanding officer has stated that he could have opened fire but decided not to because his crew was outmanned and outgunned by the captors.

Technical experts had a field day at the long trial over the December 1999 break-up and sinking of the tanker *Erika*. One group, appointed by a Dunkirk court, stated the loss was due to inadequate replacement of corroded steel during a 1998 five-year survey shipyard refit, while a group appointed by the examining magistrate in Paris averred that it was the vessel's master and technical manager who were to blame. Meanwhile, independent experts said the cause of the break-up of the ship was attributable to sloshing in the cargo tanks since the fracture occurred in an area where corrosion could not have caused a break. And the Italian classification society begged to be relieved of any responsibility in the whole *Erika* affair.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Last month most, but not all, incidents were minor:

The Maltese-flagged chemical tanker *West Sailor* had to wait for a tow off Ireland's west coast after a fire disabled its engine.

The chemical tanker *Sichem Aneline* ran aground in the St Lawrence River and was towed to Montreal.

The St. Vincent-flagged *Jane* went aground off Souma on Japan's northwest coast and all 17 Russian crew members were rescued by helicopters and small boats.

On the River Scheldt both the ro-ro

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Grande Argentina and the *Aleksandrov* were towed free after groundings. The *Grande Argentina* needed help from nine tugs and salvage vessels but the *Aleksandrov* needed only four tugs.

On the UK's River Humber the outbound product tanker *Audacity* and inbound cargo vessel *Leonis* managed to collide. Some metal was bent and a hole appeared in the *Leonis's* side.

But humans again paid with their lives or were injured:

An explosion on the just-unloaded tanker *Maulana* in Sumatra killed four crew members.

A fire on the bulker *New Anhul* under repair in a Shanghai shipyard killed a seaman and his wife.

A crane toppled onto the inland cargo vessel *Ulrike* at Flushing, The Netherlands, and the crane operator was seriously injured.

The fishing boat *Abracadabra* capsized off the Dominican Republic.

In New Zealand an explosion on the *Adelaide Pearl* injured a seaman and he was taken to Bluff for medical attention.

Lack of oxygen or toxic fumes killed the master and chief engineer of the 498gt Japanese cargo ship *Chiyo Maru No. 25t* after they collapsed in the hold of their vessel at Shimonoseki in western Japan.

Twenty-three people were missing after their 65' fishing boat capsized off the Dominican Republic.

In the North Sea, while making a dangerous but routine maneuver made thousands of times each year all over the world, the anchor handling supply tug *Bourbon Dolphin* capsized and eight died. Among the dead was the 15-year-old son of the tug's master, along with him on a school-sponsored work observation session. All 15 in the crew came from the same Norwegian village.

The maneuver was running out (or retrieving) one of the giant anchors that held the floating drilling platform *Transocean Rother* in position. Each anchor weighs tens of tons and stands several times higher than a man and thousands of feet of chain are commonly used so the tug must extremely powerful to lift and move an anchor and its mooring rigging.

According to early reports a supply boat, the *Highland Valour*, repeatedly tried to snag the anchor chain in order to take some of the load off the *Bourbon Dolphin*. In a long string of errors, mechanical failures, and misunderstandings, the *Highland Valour* finally hooked up but then may have moved in the wrong direction. This forced the cable or chain to slide from the *Bourbon Dolphin's* stern (OK and normal) to a position leading over the side (very bad!), thus capsizing her.

Gray Fleets

A Russian shipyard refloated the Indian Navy submarine *Sindhuvijay*, the fourth Kilo-class Indian sub it has modernized. This time far more Indian-made equipment was incorporated. And the Russian Navy's commander-in-chief stated that Russia will build more subs and surface warships as that nation launched the *Yuri Dolgoruky*, the first of eight new-generation Boret-class subs. Russia has the world's number two navy.

South Korea is mulling whether to name its new PK-X fast patrol boats after six soldiers killed during a 2002 fight with a North Korean patrol boat. The problem here is that North Korea might object.

Abu Dhabi is having six Baynunah-class patrol boats built. At 236' long and well armed, they are big and nasty enough to be called corvettes. Another virtue is that they can operate in very shallow water. Their normal duties will include helping ships in the busy Persian Gulf or chasing down smugglers but may be used in hostilities against Iran, whose fleet is inferior to the Baynunahs.

The Chilean Navy and scientists may have found that nation's first submarine. The 1866 vintage, cannon-equipped, man-powered *Flach* sank 141 years ago, killing its crew of 11, a crew that included the German inventor and his 15-year-old son. The sub was the world's fifth vessel to make a successful underwater journey.

In the Caribbean some of 78 survivors said that a Turks and Caicos Coast Guard vessel rammed their crowded sailboat twice, thus causing more than 60 other migrants to die. A T&C government official announced that the sailboat had capsized while being towed in rough seas, while a Haitian official said Haiti would consider the ramming as "criminal" if found true.

As the British government tries to keep defense costs down, rumors were the Brits would mothball the recently built amphibious assault ship *HMS Albion* although that nation spent £359 (\$710) million for her only four years ago. One reason why the ship may go into "extended readiness" is that many of the Royal Marines the warship would normally carry are busy in Afghanistan.

The Royal Navy showed off its latest warship, the nuclear-powered attack submarine *HMS Astute*, a month before its actual launch. The ship is \$2 billion over the original estimated cost of \$7.2 billion and is years behind schedule. It was supposed enter service in 2005 but that date has been pushed back to 2009. But there are bright aspects, the ship can go around the world without surfacing and it will never need to be refueled during its 25-year life.

As for the US Navy, the US Congress wants the Navy to reconsider use of nuclear power in view of the rising cost of fuel oil but the Chief of Naval Operations is cautious since nuclear power is initially far more expensive than a fossil fuel power plant. A Congressional subcommittee approved almost all of the Navy and Marine Corps requests and added three unrequested ships.

According to a *Stars and Stripes* report, the Navy quietly re-enlisted a petty officer it had discharged in 2005 for being openly gay.

A second victim of the rupture of a fire-box plenum on the Guam-based sub tender *US Frank Cable* last December died after months of agony. One other died a week after being scalded while most of the six others injured have returned to duty.

White Fleets

A new emissions reduction system installed on the *Zaandam* may have wide maritime sector applications. The new system utilizes the natural chemistry of sea water to remove virtually all sulphur oxide and significantly reduces particulate matter emissions. It treats sea water to remove harmful components while the calcium car-

bonate in seawater renders the sulphur oxides harmless via conversions to sulphates and neutral salts. The overall price for this initial system exceeded \$1.5m but this was partially offset by assistance from the Environmental Protection Agency/West Coast Collaborative plus the Puget Sound Clean Air Agency, with additional support provided by the Port of Seattle, Port of Vancouver, Environment Canada, BC Ministry of Environment, BC Clean Air Research Fund, and the maker itself.

US Coast Guard and police bomb experts searched the *Carnival Paradise* at Long Beach after a bomb threat, the second received by the cruise line within a month. Nothing was found. In the post-9/11 era bomb hoaxes carry severe penalties. In 2003 a 20-year-old female passenger was sentenced to two years in prison after planting notes claiming a bomb was aboard the *Legend of the Seas*.

The US-flagged *Pride of Hawaii* will be re-flagged in the Bahamian registry, renamed the *Norwegian Jade*, and will join sisters *Norwegian Gem* and *Norwegian Jewel* in Europe after its January 28, 2008, cruise around Hawaiian islands. The cruise line said the withdrawal from the Hawaiian service was "temporary."

A Indonesian seaman was killed when a mooring line snapped while the *Orient Queen* was departing from the Greek island of Mykonos. A second Indonesian was hospitalized with serious injuries.

Cruise ships in Canadian waters now face drastically stricter penalties if caught polluting. Fines up to \$1m and three years of jail or both are possible.

Those That Go Back and Forth

A ferry in China's Fujian Province ran into a sand carrying boat and capsized. Four died and two others were missing out of the 14 aboard.

In Haiti the ferry *Lazurus I* ran aground on a sandbar off the town of Jeremie and many of its more than 300 passengers were thrown into the water. At least 15 died and 47 were injured while numerous others were missing. Police had to use tear gas to dissipate concerned relatives of the passengers.

Truck drivers in British Columbia are unhappy about new rules about hours in service. They are allowed 14 hours of on-duty time plus two hours of rest. The 16 hours includes time spent on a ferry, waiting at docks, and sitting in traffic and thus the new rules put ferry-using drivers at an economic disadvantage to mainland drivers who can roll without impediments. Companies may have to add a costly second driver and there is a shortage of drivers.

Legal Matters

In Singapore an assistant manager was jailed for three months for criminal negligence. He had flouted safety regulations and caused the death of a shipyard worker when a rope carrying a tool bucket broke and the bucket dropped on the head of the worker. Singapore's shipbuilding and repair industry has the world's highest rate of accidents and deaths.

A third officer (and the last to be indicted) of the American Maritime Officers union must go to jail for 30 months and pay massive fines for his part in a scheme that bilked the union of millions of dollars. His brother and the union president were previously sentenced.

A US mariner pleaded guilty to oil-dumping charges while chief engineer of the US flagged ro-ro *Fidelio*. His employer was sentenced in January to pay \$1.5m in fines and community service for similar violations on its four car-carriers, including the *Fidelio*.

A privately owned Spanish rescue vessel carrying 4.3 tons of hashish was stopped by police in the Mediterranean. The hashish probably came from Morocco for the Spanish holiday island of Ibiza. Fifteen arrested, including three crewmen, came from Spain, Columbia, Romania, and Morocco.

The US Coast Guard seized more than 40,000 pounds of cocaine from a container carrier off Panama, a cigarette-type fast boat off Panama, and an Ecuadorian fishing vessel caught loading cocaine onto speedboats off Mexico. Street value of the seized drugs was estimated as half a billion dollars.

Metal-Bashing

One Chinese shipping line ordered 66 new vessels, totaling over 5 million tons dwt, all to be built in China. The value of the first 15 ordered has been estimated at \$1.29 billion dollars.

All shipyard machinery and equipment of the UK's famed Swan Hunter (Tyneside) Shipyard as well as a 20,000 ton capacity drydock were bought by India's Bharati Shipyard Ltd and will be shipped to Mangalore. Bharati said the purchase will save it both time and money as it prepares to build ships up to 100,000dwt.

De Beers has a new \$142 million diamond-mining ship named the *Peace in Africa*. It is equipped with an underseas tracked mining machine.

The US MarAd resolved one environmental conflict by lifting a moratorium on scrapping ships from its James River Reserve Fleet, although the moratorium is still in effect for MarAd ships in Texas and California. The stop had been imposed because states protested that the Coast Guard-required clearing of a ship's bottom before being towed away was dumping lead and non-indigenous species in state waters. Virginia asked that future hull-scrappings be done in drydocks. Another issue, that the aging old ships pose potential environmental risks, remains to be resolved. About 45 old ships remain in the James River fleet.

Overseas prices paid for ships to be scrapped kept breaking records. A Bangladesh firm bought the 81,000dwt tanker *Marivic* (14,783 light deadweight tons) for \$7.48 million or \$505 per ton. One reason for the high price was that the ship contained 500 tonnes of fuel and 100 tonnes of gas oil, which hiked the price paid by \$3-4 per ldt. Prices paid were generally in the \$400+ area as steel prices remained high in the Far East while few ships were offered for scrapping.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

In general, piracy was down to the lowest levels in years in Southeast Asia but sharply up in numbers and nastiness in Nigeria.

Odd Bits

Ships that operate in ice conditions made the news last month. Argentina recently lost use of its icebreaker *Almirante Itizar* due to a fire and so it gladly accepted Brazil's offer of its polar research ship *Ary Rongel* for replenishing Argentina's Antarctic research sites. The British Embassy had made a similar offer but Brazil

and Argentina share several scientific, environmental, and educational projects.

P&O Maritime will supply France's Antarctic territories for the next six years using the newly purchased platform supply vessel *Astrolabe*. The company has also supplied Australia's polar operations for 17 years using the supply/research vessel *Aurora Australis* and that contract may be renewed.

In Russia the world's largest icebreaker was finally delivered 18 years after work started on the nuclear-powered ship. Launched in 1993 as the *Ural*, the *Let Pobedy* is the last of a class of six. They are used to keep open the Northern Seas route over the top between Russia and Siberia where their ability to break 2.8m (about 9') ice at three knots is welcomed. Russia plans to build two new classes of nuclear-powered breakers to satisfy increasing demands by shippers for Arctic operations.

The King of Sweden honored a Filipino seafarer for bravery. The seaman had demonstrated an exceptional sense of duty in rescuing a worker who fainted and fell down a shaft on the *Saga Spray* when it was at Helsingborg. Sweden started expressing an interest in the welfare of mariners with passage of the 1667 Sea Act.

An American who bought ownership of the *Lusitania* for £1,000 will spend several million dollars investigating why the liner sank so suddenly after a hit by only one torpedo from the World War I German sub U-20.

You know about how the band on the *Titanic* bravely played on as the ship sank and how its engineers kept providing electricity so the big liner could sink with all lights blazing, but did you ever hear about the ship's five mail sorters? They, three Americans and two Brits selected from each nation's top one percent of mail sorters, had boarded at Southampton to sort 400,000 pieces of mail before arrival at New York. After the fatal meeting with the iceberg they made heroic efforts to lug as many as 200 bags of registered mail, each weighing 100lbs, up to the top decks for transfer to a rescuing vessel. Of course, none showed up in time.

Australian authorities had two mysteries to solve. First, what happened on the catamaran yacht *Kaz II*, which was found adrift with a laptop computer turned on, engines running, GPS working, fishing lines out, food on the table, and clothes on deck neatly folded but nobody aboard? Relatives maintain that the three men on board must have been kidnapped and reported they had been in spiritual contact with them.

In the same week a waterlogged, barnacle encrusted fiberglass boat was found. It had two outboards, fishing and scuba gear, and was registered in Noumea. Authorities theorized it must have broken loose from its mooring and been floating for several months.

Head-Shakers

Near Singapore six new fishing boats, perhaps relying on a group navigator, simultaneously ground to a halt on the Terumbu Selig Reef.

Somehow a woman drove her luxury automobile onto a floating dock at a marina in Fort Myers, Florida. She stopped at the end and then walked away. Located wandering somewhat intoxicated in the neighborhood, she was booked. The next day, nobody volunteered to back the car along the dock so a barge, a crane, and a four-man crew were used to get the car back on solid ground.

In The Boathouse at Mystic Seaport I was planning the schedule for the next work day—the paint still wet and the crew having just cleared out with Paddy, a Wheaten terrier, leading the pack. I tidied the shop, emptied the garbage, and sat down in the warmth of the potbellied stove to make a list. Studying the boats to assess the progress of the maintenance and compile the work for the log, I zoned out staring at two very different hull shapes. It was a coincidence that the models we were working on—Chaser, a 16' semi-dory built in 1978 (or '79) and Green Machine, the Herreshoff/Gardner pulling boat built in 1980—are the only boats in the livery made of plywood. As the Bolger Light Gull hanging over the work table slowly came into focus I laughed aloud and savored the joke on me, alone in the company of three plywood boats, a delicious Boathouse moment.

Later, when I remarked how well they have each stood the test of time, being nearly 30 years of age, and the Gull, built in 1990, 17 years old, the response was interesting. Boathouse volunteer Merrill Dunn interjected that his skiff built of plywood in 1963 by Earle Brockway of Old Saybrook, Connecticut is 44 years old (see B. Greenough's account of Brockway's work ethic and construction style in *Messing About in Boats* 24(22) April 1, 2007). Kevin Rathbone, visiting, from Larchmont, New York, countered that his traditionally built Pete Culler designed wherry, *Seagull*, is 31 years old, and his friend, Lenny Sinoitz of Closter, New Jersey, held trump as his Winthrop Warner cutter, *Mary Loring*, is 60 years old this year. It became a classic pissing contest and I lost. My point was merely that plywood had weathered well. All three hulls are in decent condition considering the rough service they've endured and exemplify the value of regular maintenance and good seamanship, not to mention good boat building and an open mind.

Materials for any construction project become a topic for discussion, as in plank-on-frame vs. strip planking, plywood, cold moulded laminates, aluminum, fiberglass, plastic, and combinations. Though I can admire a small boat of any material, my litmus test is the "feel" of a boat on the water. How it handles and sounds. I favor the "traditional" and have been blessed with exposure to the old-fashioned since I was a small child. However, the sole plywood boat at home is light, quick, lively, noisy, and OK. Would I connive to own the same Allen Farrell (J. DeRidder *WoodenBoat* 67:19-22, 1985) dory model in plank-on-frame? More cumbersome and possibly wet, it would necessitate a change in my carefree urban modus operandi. Given a quiet cove on Lasqueti Island on British Columbia's Inside Passage, the same hull in cedar and oak would be ideal, her roots.

Among traditionalists plywood has the reputation of an outcast. John Gardner's endorsement for the independent backyard builder translating classic small craft in non-traditional materials did not earn him much empathy with museum colleagues and rankled others. A case in point concerns the livery boat, *L. Francis*. She is a 16' Herreshoff double paddle canoe (LFH Design #57) built in 1965 by George Kelley at his Hyannis, Massachusetts, boatshop (*National Fisherman* December 7, 1965) and donated in 1990 specifically for use in The Boathouse

Boathouse Plywood

Alone in The Boathouse with three plywood boats; thoughts on a cold spring day

By Sharon Brown

program (Acc. No. 1990.147). Bragging about building her of cedar boards, copper clout nails, and bronze screws from the local hardware store, Kelley added, "With all due respect to Technical Editor John Gardner and others who want to 'improve' everything with evil smelling glup which is supposed to replace the old tried-and-true methods and materials, I have my doubts." And concluded, "... I have no worries about the lasting qualities of any new products because I used none but those that have been proven for a thousand years." Kelley and his sons were mentored by the minimalist Pete Culler, who kept his personal Swampscott, *Dancing Feather*, on a clothesline mooring at Kelley's waterfront shop. Treated with respect, *L. Francis* is now a startling 41 years old and her deck canvas shows wear. With a small cockpit cover, she is stored under The Boathouse on a dolly built by volunteer Karl denTex from salvaged lawnmower wheels and used every Boathandling Class and at the behest of visitors.

Others not enamored of plywood included John Gardner's colleague, Val Danforth, who played the devil's advocate while he was building the *Green Machine*, and later Boat Shop supervisor Barry Thomas would not entertain it as a building material worthy of discussion in a museum setting. If availability of stock for plank-on-frame construction was an issue 30+ years ago (J. Gardner, *NF* 12(13) Yearbook:62-63, 108-110, 1974), today, for many, rift sawn affordable boat lumber is not an option. The traditionalist, seeking New England woods of pine, cedar, and white oak may turn to imported African and South American exotics including teak, mahogany, purpleheart, iroko, angelique, silverballi, etc., while denying the validity of domestic plywood for the home builder. In the end, the

builder—amateur and commercial—uses the materials best suited for the job, the application, the pocketbook, and availability. It's a compromise. Forests worldwide, "sustainable" or otherwise, are threatened and the amount as can't or veneer, consumed by boatbuilders a small fraction of the yearly harvest. Plywood is not a traditional boatbuilding material but traditional may now mean importation. Those in a museum context or fine yacht restoration and construction who can afford the finest stock, domestic or otherwise, are in a fortunate position and have the wherewithal to be choosy and stay true to the historical perspective of their respective missions.

Each of the three Boathouse boats built of plywood, if not "classic," derives from a respected heritage.

John Gardner's April 1980 *National Fisherman* Comments column included praise of Lawrence Jones' rendition of the 16' semi-dory from plans and construction details in *The Dory Book*, where four lengths were presented; i.e., 12', 14', 16', and 19'8" (1978 International Marine Publishing Co. Inc., Camden, Maine; reprinted 1988 in paperback by Mystic Seaport Museum Publications, Mystic, Connecticut). The semi-dory, or half-dory as John described it, is essentially a Swampscott dory widened aft for buoyancy, with no rocker, a straight run, and a transom sufficiently strong to support an outboard engine. In the early 1950s they were a common model in New England inshore waters for work and recreation. The 12' and 14' models were included in John's first book, *Building Classic Small Craft*, published in 1977 (International Marine Publishing Co.) and appeared earlier (*Outdoor Maine* June 1961, and *Maine Coast Fisherman* November, 1954, respectively). The 19'8" model was enlarged from a four-part *Outdoor Maine* series featuring the 16-footer in 1960 (May through August). It was John's custom to revisit various themes and designs as he developed his ideas and responded to eager correspondents, many of whom were building from his monthly columns.

Jones, a high school Industrial Arts teacher, built his boat during two months of

Kay T., the Bolger Gloucester Light Gull, *Chaser*; the 16' semi-dory and *Green Machine*, the Herreshoff/Gardner pulling boat at various stages of winter maintenance in Mystic Seaport's Boathouse. (Sharon Brown Photograph)





After bench replacement, bulkhead repair, and fresh paint, the 16' semi-dory is ready to leave the shop with Paddy's endorsement. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

summer vacation. Shopping from advertisers in the *National Fisherman* his supplies, including marine plywood ($\frac{1}{4}$ " for the bottom, $\frac{3}{8}$ " for the sides) and epoxy, cost only \$675. He planned to use a 6hp engine and made a lovely 9' sculling oar for auxiliary power adding, "I'm content to go slower. Strangely enough we always seemed to have as much fun as the next guy with his 100-plus hp."

After years of use and his retirement, Jones wrote to then director of Mystic Seaport, J. Revell Carr, in late April 1998, offering her to the museum. Since her launch he dry sailed her every season in Stonington, Connecticut. "It is as good as it was when it was built and there is nothing that needs to be done to it.... It is admired everywhere we go... I can't bring myself to sell it. So many memories go with it. My youngest daughter, who helped build it, handing me screws etc., has since graduated from Mary Washington College with a major in historic preservation." He added last, "John Gardner saw and admired the boat and he was one of my 'Heroes'." For the last eight years she has served The Boathouse as a work boat, a general utility boat for race committee duty, and as a chase boat rounding up rental customers, hence the name "Chaser," bestowed by Capt. Jim McGuire. Her biggest maintenance problem stems from a persistent amine blush blowing her paint off, hopefully corrected now. This winter we replaced a cracked bench and repaired part of the forward bulkhead damaged by moisture. The size of the well and the changing design of outboards has led to some modification allowing the engine to rotate freely and, were she to be built today, the engine well would be designed to accommodate modern outboards with large power heads. As equipped she is not set up for towing or pushing but she would still serve well as a fishing/picnic boat as John intended and as Jones originally used her. Taylor and Snediker Fine Woodworking of Pawcatuck, Connecticut, have a 19'8" version, *Snowshoe*, which they use as a general yard boat. Her performance with a 40hp Honda 4-stroke was enhanced when they closed in the well and mounted the outboard on the transom.

John Gardner's rationale and construction details for the Herreshoff/Gardner pulling boat, *Green Machine*, occurred in a four-part series in the *National Fisherman* in 1980 (February, March, April, and May). Her development and a survey of boats built from the same lines, was summarized in these pages in 2002 (*MAIB* 20(14) December 1:14-

19), where *Green Machine* made the cover twice, the most recent on the April 15, 2007 issue. Dry sailed, she has been in service at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse since its inception in 1988, and before that was available to museum members and staff on a limited basis during the summer.

While her bottom is northern white pine, she is lapstrake planked with $\frac{1}{4}$ " marine grade fir plywood copper clench nail fastened, the garboard seam fiberglass taped in epoxy, and the sheer planks $\frac{1}{2}$ " pine. Frames are glue laminated from $\frac{1}{8}$ " strips of Douglas fir. Her breasthooks are laminated white ash. To prevent water absorption, John believed in repeated coats of linseed oil thinned 20% with mineral spirits (elsewhere he specified "turpentine") applied boiling hot inside and out, before painting the top-sides Lowell Green, the color once used on Gloucester dories.

John completed *Green Machine* in time to debut her at the 1980 Small Craft Workshop in June and then transported her to the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake, New York, for a Guideboat Conference where he made a presentation in July on her construction. "First time outside the Adirondacks," he asserted, "that a boat not a guide boat was built by guide boat methods" (Adk Tape T7-35, Adirondack Museum). She was so new that John's pencil marks were preserved on the inside oiled surfaces. His talk ran over and he finished by inviting those with more questions to join him around the boat which sat outside. John was in the pink as the venue served for the debut of Kenneth and Helen Durant's book, *The Adirondack Guide-Boat* (The Adirondack Museum and International Marine Publishing Co.), in which he'd played a major role, having measured and published the first lines, offsets, and complete construction plans for an Adirondack guide boat, the 16' *Virginia* built in 1905. John was a youthful looking 54 years of age when the cinematographer Helen von

Dongen Durant photographed him measuring *Virginia* in 1959. Harold Herrick, Jr., credited with a revival in interest in the St. Lawrence skiff, photographed John with board member Sidney Whelan, Jr. at the publication celebration (see also *The Ash Breeze* 3(5)Oct:1-2, 1980). Whelan organized the first Guide Boat Builders Conference in January 1975 at the Adirondack Museum (NF, April, June 1975). (Ironically he was one of The Boathouse volunteer crew following Paddy out when I began this musing.) *Green Machine* returned to Blue Mountain Lake in June of 2004 to partake in Curator Hallie Bond's unique No Octane Regatta. She was the only boat without pinned oarlocks and did not earn any kudos from the competitors thwarted by open oarlocks. Not until Boathouse colleague Bryan Hammond pushed off from the beach into the prevailing wind and rowed her smartly around the course did the oarsmen, onshore waiting on the race results, believe that she was capable of rising to the conditions. We felt as though we'd set her up, and could hear John.

Green Machine is a popular boat, well used through the years. Now she is painted inside and out, the shade of green dependent on availability; her thwarts, breasthooks, and trim vanished. She was John's first and only incursion in plywood in a museum setting.

One of the earliest versions of this boat built from John's plans was constructed over the winter of 1980-1981 by Traditional Small Craft Association founding member Myron Young, who brought her to Mystic from his Long Island home for the June 1982 Small Craft Workshop. Pictured in John's May 1982 *Fisherman* column and the dust jacket of his third book, *Building Classic Small Craft, Vol. 2* (1984, International Marine Publishing Co.), where she was featured in Chapter 1, Young planked her in mahogany plywood, with stainless steel screws and glued plank laps. Maintained fastidiously over the years, her

George Kelley's double paddle canoe *L. Francis* and John Gardner's Herreshoff/Gardner pulling boat *Green Machine* rest either side of the main mast of the 33' Herreshoff ketch *Araminta* during the winter maintenance cycle. (Sharon Brown Photograph)





One of the "40+" Bolger-designed dories built by Damian McLaughlin, Jr. at his shop in North Falmouth, Massachusetts. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

topsides are white with a green sheer and her interior is finished with Deks Otje. Young derived a lot of pleasure from his boat, still unnamed, and used her on a regular basis for recreation until, downsizing his fleet, he donated her to Mystic Seaport Museum in the fall of 2005. This summer we expect to offer two "*Green Machines*," though not identical since Young fitted a small water ski skeg aft and preferred rowing her with articulated bow facing oars. John used a hinged thwart arrangement allowing for three rowing station configurations keeping *Green Machine*, a true double-ender, on her lines.

Steve Turi and Lynn Gross of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, donated the Gloucester Light Gull *Kay T.* in 1998, delivering her at the end of the June Small Craft Workshop. Turi built her in 1990, naming her after his niece. Recently he recalled good times rowing her on the Hudson River, Barnegat Bay, and the Hackensack River. He subsequently built a Bolger June Bug but it's the Argentine tango that he fancies at the moment. "More dance now than boats," he chuckled. You may recall Turi's 18-part series, "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut," which ran earlier in these pages (*MAIB* Vols. 17 and 18).

Phil Bolger's 15'6" Gloucester Light Dory or Gloucester Gull labeled "a classic in plywood" has been constructed by many backyard builders using Harold 'Dynamite' Payson's Book, *How To Build The Gloucester Light Dory* (1982, WoodenBoat Publications, Brooklin, Maine) or his three-part 1981 *WoodenBoat* series (No. 41-43). Her lines were also marketed as the "Texas Light Dory" for Capt. Jim Orrell (15'6"x4'0" Design #140 Philip C. Bolger, Designer, Gloucester, Massachusetts). In a recent issue of *MAIB* (24 (20) March 1, 2007) in Bolger's sweet column, 'Bolger on Design,' he featured an elongated model, the "Long Light Dory Design" (#526 19'6"x4'0"). He summed up the original best, "The familiar Gloucester Light Dory, our Design #140 (!), is about as pretty and generally nice as all-around recreational pulling boats come. The combination of good looks, rough water ability, and fast construction are most satisfying." He continued, elaborating on his reasons for the

longer version, primarily to keep the hull on her lines with another person aboard, preserve her handling reputation carrying added weight, and afford choice in comfortable rowing stations. "After all, it's only 12' long by 2' wide on the bottom," he concluded, acknowledging a challenge common to other boats of her length, as in the case of the Farrell dory.

Bolger's Gloucester Light Gull is ubiquitous on the East Coast. Not only are they owned individually by backyard builders who row for pleasure, but also by rowing clubs who compete in gatherings such as Hull's Snow Row. They crop up when least expected.

On a field trip in mid-May we visited Damian McLaughlin Jr.'s boat shop in North Falmouth, Massachusetts, to see the 20' LOA plywood rendition of the Robb White/William Atkin work boat, the *Rescue Minor*, nearing completion. *Rescue Minor* fascinates Boathouse volunteer Paul Morris of Newtown, Connecticut, and he brought Jim McGuire of Noank to have a look and me, because I knew the way. McLaughlin graciously fielded questions while supervising last minute details, including a "racing stripe" on the sheer of her muted all grip finish. Morris asked questions about her construction and powering unit, but it was her fuel economy in shallow waters with her tunnel-stern V-bottom configuration that really intrigued him and the curvature aft a challenge for construction. When the discussion came to building costs and estimating his time involved in the project, McLaughlin stated that he could build a Bolger Gull in 18-19 hours. On the way out we peeked in a nearby shed and spotted one, still wishing aloud that we could be aboard for the sea trials of *Antiquity*, the new *Rescue Minor*. Two days later we attended a talk by marine photographer, Benjamin Mendlowitz of the Calendar of Wooden Boats at Mystic's Seamen's Inne. Featuring his beautiful *WoodenBoat* Calendar, Mendlowitz's digital presentation, "The Allure of Wooden Boats: Capturing and Preserving a Moment in Time," included a shot of *WoodenBoat* Associate Editor Tom Jackson rowing his Bolger Gloucester Light Gull to work in Brooklin, Maine. A New England classic.

And from "across the pond" Huw Evans of Pembrokeshire, Wales, sent word of the Christmas launch of his Gloucester Light Dory, timed for his daughter's visit. Evans fished commercially from small boats and engaged John Gardner in discussion in the mid-1980s. Now he rows mostly for pleasure. "My main boating interest is in rowing and I build my own. ... I row in Cardigan Bay in Wales and usually have to launch from a concrete slipway. I sometimes venture out into choppy waters and although dories have some disadvantages over the last 25 years they have proved their good qualities to me." A gift of John's *Building Classic Small Craft* from his wife Lee (*NF* May 1985), inspired him further. "Since receiving that book, I have built a 12' Banks dory and a gunning dory from plywood—your [John's] modern method of construction." Evans built Bolger's Light Dory from Payson's book. To keep the weight down, he used 6mm plywood for the hull, minimal frames for stiffness, and a removable cane seat. He covered the bottom in one layer of glass cloth and resin. He concluded, "I have only rowed this dory a few times since I made it but it does row very easily, though I have not found anything nicer to row than the Adirondack and that has tempered my enthusiasm for the dory." He expressed surprise that McLaughlin could build the same hull so quickly. Often out in challenging conditions, Evans concluded, "I still have a survivalist attitude which is why I'm still experimenting to build a boat for myself which is light, quick, and has the capacity to take care of itself." His next project may be a Bolger Golden River Dory.

Later McLaughlin, the commercial builder with many years experience on projects large and small, traditional and otherwise, generously explained his proficiency in building the Gloucester Gull. "The version that I build has the original shape but the scantlings are very different," he said. "That is the reason that I can build them quickly. I use stitch and glue method with only one frame in the center. All of the dories have been built for individual customers and many of them were collective efforts for those working in my shop. If I can make it presentable I will bring the original to the *WoodenBoatShow*."

Boats have their communities and the construction material is only one element. My first boat was a classic canvassed cedar canoe and years later the boat I wanted my boyfriend's father to build for me after a brief bop to and from the shore of a small Gulf Island was a pram, staunchly built of plywood. Both gave me a sense of yearning for more and each was equally suitable to the task.

Describing the first boat he helped his father build, a skiff to use on their home waters of Maine's St. Croix River, John stated, "It was fashioned from cedar and oak that we had cut the winter before and had hauled over the snow to the sawmill. That was 60 years ago and the thrill remains" (1977, *The Classic Boat, Time-Life Library of Boating*, Time-Life Books, Alexandria, Virginia). Thirty years have passed since that statement was published and few boatbuilders in North America are fortunate to be able to—or do—go to this length to obtain suitable stock for boatbuilding, which was also the method used by Allen and Sharie Farrell building boats with hand tools on

forested islands of British Columbia's denticulate coastline 30+ years ago. My Farrell dory, designed for these waters, was built in plywood by Greg Sager, one of many young boat builders following the Farrells' lead, to accommodate his family aboard the small double ended Allen Farrell designed schooner *Moondrift* which Sager built traditionally from native woods of the Pacific Northwest, except perhaps the gumwood on her shoe. The dory's longest waterborne adventure to date was atop *Moondrift* from Vancouver Island to Mystic, Connecticut, carrying three people safely in and out of anchorages along the way.

Once on the ferry dock at Lasqueti Island's False Bay, I watched the smoke rise from the stove aboard Allen and Sharie's junk inspired *China Cloud* and lay back to savor the scene, the scent of conifers and wood smoke, and caught the sound of Allen's oars as he stroked his plank-on-frame dory over to fetch me back to the boat. We can't all emulate John Gardner's Passamaquoddy childhood or Allen Farrell's forested shoreline building sites, but neither would look down upon a plywood rendition of a classic hull in a backyard setting.

Plywood or plank-on-frame, it's all about something else, the human connections and inspirations. "When I first wrote to John Gardner," wrote Huw Evans, "I did not expect his response. It was a great surprise to me that someone of his standing would take the time to reply to a stranger's unsolicited letter and be so encouraging in that reply. He was so unselfish ... he really has been an inspiration to me and I hugely admire his life and achievement." Evans' subsequent pilgrimage to Mystic Seaport Museum with his wife Lee and their daughter Angharad was a lifetime goal, only John was missing as we went through the collection in June 2004. *Green Machine's* trip to the No Octane Regatta in the same month was educational. However, the highlight before the boat was untied from the truck rack was meeting Phil Bolger and Susanne Altenburger aboard Mason Smith's Bolger Birdwatcher with Chuck Raynor and his dog, rocking in the waves at the dock, listening to the banter and exchange of ideas after their lively sail in the onshore breeze. Birdwatcher's open configuration comfortably accommodated

our cozy reprieve from the wind. The dynamic duo, Bolger and life-partner Susanne, complement one another and share a wide range of life experience and expertise on things nautical. Collectively they have an awesome sense of humor and know how to have fun.

If plywood's in the door, what's next at The Boathouse? Museum space once the sanctuary of plank-on-frame, is no longer sacrosanct as collections include aluminum and fiberglass, the materials which most teenagers of today relate with their first exposure to boating. Space for plywood among collections in the future is a given.

Mystic Seaport will be the venue for the WoodenBoat Show June 29-July 1. While here you can visit The Boathouse, admire *Chaser*, row *Kay T.* or *Green Machine*—John Gardner's rendition and that of Myron Young—and enjoy a variety of plank-on-frame small craft built with strict adherence to their historical contexts.



Carleton Chase chartered *Kay T.* as a tender to his Sparkman Stephens yawl, the 56' *Niuhi* (ex. *Circe*) build in 1950 which lingered briefly in local waters before being trucked to California after a major rebuild by Taylor & Snediker in 2002. (Sharon Brown photograph)

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A Waterfront in Wales

By Richard Smith



Sun and mist on an Anglesey afternoon.



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Boats against the wall in a Welsh bolthole.



A Macwester on the putty.

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My home away from home.



The photos show the prototype Frolic2 built by Larry Martin of Coos Bay, Oregon. Larry built the boat quite quickly including sewing the sail to the instructions given in the plans. He reported sailing it for the first time on a ripping day with an occasional 2' wave. I always advise testing a new boat in mild weather, especially a new design, but Larry got away with it. Looking at his photos, the neat work, and simple efficient rigging suggests to me that Larry has been sailing small boats a long time.

Frolic2 has a small cabin, probably only for one to sleep in because the multichines that make the boat good in rough water also decrease floor space. To say it another way, the nice big floor space of a flat bottomed sharpie is what pounds in rough water and makes it uncomfortable. But Frolic2 has a 6' long cockpit so someone could sleep there, too. There is bench seating.

The cabin top has a slot top down the center so one can stroll right through the cabin standing upright in good weather and out the front bulkhead to the beach. The mast is offset to one side so one need not have to step around it. Phil Bolger showed us how to do this about 15 years ago and it works. But Larry went conventional with his boat, mounting the mast on centerline and decking in the front of the cabin. On a slot top cabin a simple snap on tarp can be snapped on to cover the slot in rain or cold or bugs.

Frolic2 was designed for rough water, long and lean, especially in the bow, and with multiple chines. She's really a takeoff of my Toto canoe in shape. Larry omitted the motor well and the oarlocks, too (the wind must blow just right all the time in Oregon?), but I intended this to be a multi skiff sort of boat with rowing and motoring abilities. A boat of this size can't be rowed in any wind or waves,, but in a calm one can travel far exercising patience.

I didn't fool around with a gadget motor mount, I put the motor well right in the middle and offset the rudder instead of the other

Frolic2

Cuddy Multi-Skiff

20' x 5' - 400lbs empty

Design by Jim Michalak



way around. This worked out very well on the high powered Petesboat. We'll see how it goes on a narrow boat because the second prototype is getting the blueprint well. One needs little power on a boat like this, 2hp or 3 hp is more than enough.

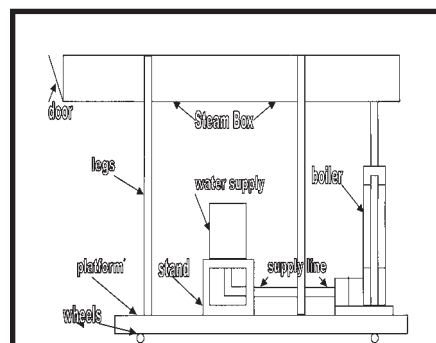
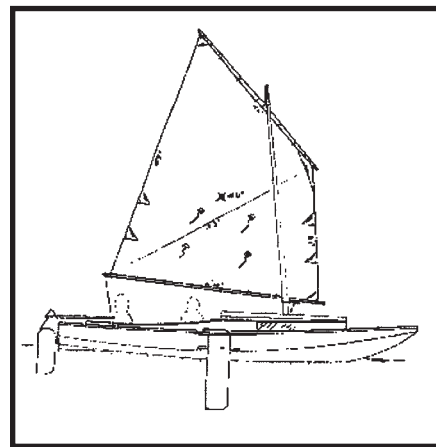
The lug rig is for quick easy stowing, rowing, and towing. The blueprint sail is actually the same size and shape as that of a Bolger Windsprint, a boat which weighs maybe a third as much as Frolic2 and is much narrower. But I think the Windsprint might be over sparred for its size and weight. Larry reports the rig is about right for the boat, sailing fine with a reef in and three adults on a windy day. The lug sail can be closer winded reefed than when full, perhaps because the sail is then shorter and the yard better controlled (less sail twist). For that matter, a sharpie sprit sail the same size as the lug might be smarter in rough water conditions if one can live with the long mast. Switching rigs won't be hard. The mast can be relocated almost anywhere in the slot top without altering the hull to any degree utilizing extra partner and step fittings.

Update 2006. Jeff Blunk's Colorado Frolic2 eventually found its way to Illinois and then to our Rend Lake Messabout in the hands of Richard Harris. We had a chance to try it out and I was quite pleased, it was fast and powerful. At one point with three men onboard, with Max at the tiller, I went forward to tweak the sail which took a couple of minutes with me staring up at the sail. That done, I looked back and saw that we were really rolling along.

And Gary Blankenship's Frolic2 completed the 300-mile Everglades Challenge with him reporting sailing for hours at 7kts or more. Here is a picture of Gary's Frolic2.



Editor Comments: The above is from Jim Michalak's catalog of designs. I had hoped to have it to include alongside Gary Blankenship's report on the Everglades Challenge featured in the June 15 issue but was unable to do so, so here it is as a follow through. Jim can be reached at 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.



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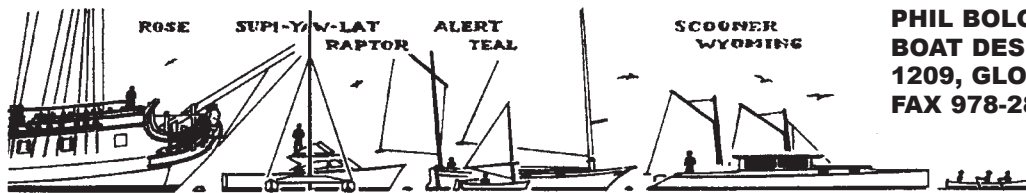
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Over the recent years we've tested the patience of many of our clients. There have been several serious challenges that we found we had to attend to. We never stopped progress on our regular work but, quite unintentionally, our rate of progress slowed painfully as our limited energies were drawn, for instance, into a very serious local problem we thought we could help resolve with a moderate amount of civic virtue and reasonable expertise accumulated in our office since Phil hung his shingle out in 1952. Alas, as one cynic always will point out, no good deed goes unpunished. Except that there is growing hope, naah certainty, of successful outcome yet!

Over the last five years we've spent many hours on a pro bono effort here in Gloucester, Massachusetts, to help the fishing fleet manage the challenges that, in part, it has brought upon itself and that, in part, are more global in their origins and reach, that have been growing in significance to the prospects of living off the water as a commercial fisherman.

Overfishing has depleted many fish stocks with one or two outright commercially extinct and others thoroughly out of balance in terms of females to males ratio. At long last technology has reached a level of development where fishermen will state that "the fish don't stand a chance." Accordingly, between federal regulation and lawsuits brought by environmental watchdog groups, multiple restrictive schemes have emerged to reverse this calamitous decline in general and the various problematic side effects across the food chain and within species caused by heretofore apparently under- or mis-regulated fishing practices.

Fuel cost, steel cost, aluminum cost, and fiberglass cost multiplication in fishing boat operation and construction have kicked in just as progressively more severe regulatory limits were placed on the industry. As a consequence, as fewer fish are allowed to be caught, start-up and running costs are shooting up, quite apart from general concerns such as health care costs, increases in the cost of living anywhere near the ocean, etc.

Typically fishermen, also now just called fishers, are a nimble, independent lot, agile in spotting opportunities to catch undesirable species such as slime eels/hagfish in order to balance the books in this environment of multiple threats to a reasonably profitable lifestyle. Most are versatile in shifting rapidly from one type of fishery to another if and when nature, the market, or regulation demands a sudden course correction in one's schedule across the seasons. While some have degrees from Harvard University, others left high school without as much as a GED. But since time immemorial fishing has been a source of reasonably predictable prosperity based on hard work, cunning, luck, and taking of serious risks inshore and offshore. Good money could be

Bolger on Design

Messing About In Fishing Boats

Chapter 1

made as long as it could be had at in the familiar ways.

But the two harsh realities mentioned above have been threatening this situation in progressively ominous ways with direct consequences to the health of, for instance, our port of Gloucester, also known as "America's Oldest Seaport." There is more than tourist board happy talk at work here. It was 1623 when settlers first came and built "The Great House" to accommodate fishermen, hunters, and some folks offering the usual peripheral trades necessary. Since then a broad range of immigrants came, with currently 25% of Gloucester's population being of first and second generation Italian descent who arrived before and after WW II, with Portuguese and Azoreans showing up as well. Earlier other "tribes" like the Irish, including the Bolgers, found their way here, often via the Canadian Maritime Provinces, along with some French Canadians, all to make their fortunes or at least survive.

In the age of sail there were years when as many as 300 men and boys were lost at sea, and to this day names get added every once in a while on the bronze tablets that list those losses at the Fishermen's Monument. And those losses reverberated through survivors in the community, particularly wives and offspring of those lost, now forced to eke out livings without primary breadwinners. The Fishermen's Wives' Monument reminds us today of these sufferings. So there is a lot of historical momentum behind doing the business of living off fishing commercially.

Hanging onto those dynamics for too long in the traditional perpetual pursuit of the promise of the one perfect catch every once in a while that will provide sustenance for a good while and through the lean times has done much damage to the mindset of too many in this port. We've talked to near 200 folks in a population of 30,000 from all walks of the fishing life, from lumpers to regulators, from proud owners to toothless deckhands, from frustrated environmentalists to equally frustrated fishing chieftains, all trying to somehow come to grips with the growing crisis. As the resource offshore is metered and examined to gauge its health, so is the socio-economics ashore. And the local *Gloucester Daily Times* has had its share of dramatic headlines about the myriad aspects

of this local manifestation of what is indeed a more or less global crisis.

We read the *Times*. Designing boats for living, we have our perspective on this crisis. We've done a few commercial fishing vessels over the decades, never much to base any steady income on but enough to keep the subject matter interesting. And owning property and a business in this town, seeing the community's tax base being reduced by a progressively under-performing, fully zoned and paid for "industrial park" such as Gloucester Harbor, we want to take an interest both for fiscal reasons and for personal reasons as we think we have a hammer and quite a few of these growing problems seem to look like nails.

Here's one position paper for the local policy wonks that pulls together our perspective on one available way out of the crisis; no pixie dust, anti-gravity promises, or mirrors with Phil in front of having a smoke. Incidentally, this paper has been decidedly unsuccessful in this town, but elsewhere we are seeing progress, and will report on that in the next issue. So here goes:

The Advanced Gloucester Fisherman Project:

One Proposal Towards Sustainability of the Resource and the Fleet Our Background and Motivation

We have been designing boats in sizes up to 450 tons out of Gloucester since 1948, completing over 668 designs to date including a modest number of inshore and offshore fishing vessels. We are part of the working waterfront. And we need a functioning port.

We've published six books and over 550 articles on our designs. We typically have a work backlog of well over a year for designs not associated with the fisheries.

We are booked and are not hustling for extra work. But we are offering a "pro bono" effort only to this fleet in our home town. And with 50+ years of design experience we have a particular perspective.

Moved by the pending grief and out of likely naive civic obligation as boat designers to our community, we decided to act in late 2002. We've spent over 600 unpaid hours since early November 2002 in the attempt to define and offer for serious consideration a pro bono fishing boat design (along with construction assistance and subsequent support) reflecting principles of sustainability of the resource, the fleet, and its families.

In Gloucester the evolutionary process can be moved towards safe and competent inshore and offshore fishing vessels that do indeed match the challenge of this comprehensive definition of sustainability. The design principles towards such craft are clear enough, and after well over 50 years of design pursuits of economies with safety and ergonomics, we offer one viable approach. Nobody else apparently does.

“The First Fisheries Paradigm” and its Consequences

Today most modern fishing fleets have evolved to a level of technological sophistication where even fishermen will state that the “fish don’t stand a chance” when fishing is pursued unchecked by voluntary or mandatory regulation. Both types of restraints have a mixed track record. Currently most severe in its impact on this region of the country is the bundle of court dictated restrictions known as Amendment 13. Cutting deep into the short- and mid-term viability of the fleet, and thus the ports and families, the pain and suffering generated by Amendment 13 is the most recent consequence of an ancient and, until recently, successful way of thinking about fishing for a living.

The First Fisheries Paradigm has always been the maximization of catch per given cost in vessel and crew. From gear choices over certain vessel attributes to highest level regulation, thinking by even the most dedicated and experienced individuals appears to reflect almost exclusively the mindset that for every fishing vessel “efficiency” is defined by its capability to catch more, even across successive episodes of well-documented overfishing, species collapse, and dire long term prognostications.

In the continuous pursuit of greater “fishing capability,” the relative debt load per vessel, the fuel burn per mile traveled on each fishing trip in an age of doubled and tripled fuel cost, the relative complexity/plausible reliability of vital onboard systems, the relative safety of the vessel (such as often avoidable sinkability), combine in cost pressures/risk factors that all have to be covered by the returns per given fishing trip.

Ergo, the greater the upfront cost, the greater the need/incentive/temptation to balance the books and then some by taking more fish than any coherent policy of sustainability would suggest. The doubling and tripling of fuel costs recently only exacerbates the unviability of this approach. It would be incorrect to assume that current/recent fishing vessel design reflects a rigor born in the open marketplace of wide ranging ideas, as most of the market is based solely on a design philosophy deeply rooted in the First Fisheries Paradigm.

One Result:

Amendment 13/Framework 42/Etc.

For Gloucester, and indeed most fishing communities all over New England, the costly realities of Amendment 13 recently, and now Framework 42, mark the latest example of the destructiveness of the First Fisheries Paradigm putting industry, resource, and port cities at serious risk. Even the recent extensive efforts on all sides underlying Amendment 13 did still not integrate into the discussion the strong, direct, and continuous link between the economics of fishing vessels’ first and running costs and the pressing need for sustainability of resource, the fleet, and our local ports. Fishing families, the industry, and their communities, have already spent much time, money, and emotion trying to come to grips with the destructive consequences of the unrepentant pursuit of this traditional approach and matters are getting worse with the unexamined adherence to this approach. The genesis and fallout of Amendment 13, such as the emergence of Framework 42, shows for good that the “First Fisheries Paradigm” has failed to sustain the resource and the fisheries.

Another Consequence: Reflexive “Consolidation”

With that failure well established, the under-examined pursuit of “consolidation” is inherently untenable as well. Reducing the number of vessels will not yield promises of sustainability.

Pursuing a policy of significantly shrunken numbers of licenses would result in increases in vessel size/complexity/overall cost structure, thus putting such operations out of reach of most family type businesses and small ports. Most smaller local ports certainly can’t build or maintain these craft.

Fewer larger owners will have no need to remain loyal to any particular local or even regional infrastructure, putting any local port facilities under constant threat of collapse since much of their client base can suddenly leave for a cheaper port elsewhere, unless a whole region becomes de facto a company town-like entity.

But even if dominating the region’s ports, these large and very large vessels do not have the resilience to nimbly respond to unpredictable changes in the resource or economy. Comparatively larger corporations have more overhead and more profit expectation not steadily supportable by the nature of this industry.

Textbook claims of economies of scale traditionally proffered to justify steady growth in vessel size and fishing capacity have lost credibility with the failure of the First Fisheries Paradigm to sustain both the resource and the fishing industry.

Therefore, overcapitalization of the fleet must not be misunderstood as there being too many vessels. Overcapitalization of the industry should rather be understood as a matter of excessive capital intensity per given vessel, hardware density aboard, and fuel burn intensity per unit.

This fat first and running cost layer per vessel de facto forces these owners into the conundrum of fishing harder than desirable while still making less, if any, money.

Finally, consolidation of the fleet has disastrous consequences for the socio-economics of fishing ports. In the case of Gloucester, beyond loss of income to the fleet, shoreside businesses, all affected families, and municipal tax coffers, the long-term viability of its fishing infrastructure is under threat.

Pressures on zoning are shifting from marine industrial towards general commercial and residential. City planning priorities will show decline in sensitivity towards issues of the port’s commercial viability. The economic, social, and political relevance of the commercial fisheries for this port will diminish to a point at which basic fisheries related infrastructure is unsupportable, and terminal rezoning begins.

Still No Research on Vessel Economics in the Matrix of Resource Management

Unlike, for instance, the transportation industry there is surprisingly still no emphasis on the role of First and Operating Vessel Economics in the context of resource management and socio-economic impact of regulation. Most vessels are horsepower intensive concepts with often oversized drive trains that cost extra in terms of hardware, operation, repair, and replacement. This extra layer of cost was deemed acceptable when under-regulated fishing paid for it all. Today this is as economical and sustainable as taking a Suburban™-size SUV to the mall to buy a pair of socks. And few make ends meet !

We have found no explicit research on the subject at New England Fisheries Management Council, MIT SeaGrant, Woods Hole, etc. Despite international exposure of our offer via the industry friendly *National Fisherman* magazine (September 2004) the topic still is not on academic or regulatory conference schedules, ergo not deemed relevant or legitimate! Most recently, ICES 2006 conference in Boston did not feature any dedicated discussion with this focus. The marketplace offers next to no vessels that address multiplying fuel cost, minimized fishing opportunities, plus underdeveloped vessel safety issues. The industry is simply not responding to the obvious challenge while shore communities suffer.

On the other hand, Ecotrust Canada of Vancouver, British Columbia, recently financed a week of field research guided by Dan Edwards, a fisherman from Vancouver Island, in order to meet fishermen and visit boatyards in southern British Columbia to explore local needs and opportunities

The Sustainable Fisheries Paradigm Challenges and Opportunities

With the resource so readily outpaced by fishing technology, focus on resource sustainability, product quality, and business sustainability takes the place of the old impulse to take as much as possible for short term gains.

Establishing Sustainability

Under the Sustainable Fisheries Paradigm a number of fundamental characteristics of fleet and fishing promise the most ecological, commercial, and political success over time:

- Sustainability by design
- Sustainability by construction
- Sustainability by operation
- Sustainability by choice of fishing methods, proven old and evolving advanced ones

This comprehensive definition of sustainability thus includes, but goes far beyond, assessing relative carbon footprint in vessel construction and operation, focus on any individual species, or metering the impact of particular fishing methods.

There are several key regulatory provisions on the books affecting the resource and the industry that actually stand in the way of sustainability based design and practices, and they should be revoked

Socio-Economics of Sustainability

A comparatively large number of small operations up and down the coast in every town and village is the best model for sustainability-based resource management. This larger number of smaller actors is inherently more resilient to nimbly respond to the variety of ecological and regulatory challenges so characteristic for an industry for which the underlying science of inter-species dependencies, migratory patterns, and just simple quantity assessments is still relatively underdeveloped.

The short-term challenge in the current and foreseeable regulatory environment is to keep the small business fishing operation viable in periods of lowest catch limits.

The mid- to long-term issue for this large fleet of modest local operations is to be more profitable in times when the resource proves reliably sustainable, this allows building fiscal security to reliably weather future ecological and political calamities.

Sustainable Politics

A consistent sustainability-based fishing philosophy would yield not just longer term economic security but, just as importantly, would consolidate the approach for good. It would yield political benefits as well.

Greenest Fishing by design, construction, operation, and fishing method should yield much reduced conflict potential between the industry and environmentally-concerned interests.

Greenest Fishing approach will soon result in an increasing pool of public, and thus political, sympathy to support efforts towards fleet restructuring and to quickly counter the occasional regulatory overreach or incongruity.

Greenest Fishing may also prove to be most profitable yet with higher end hand select product.

To promote and sustain the larger number of smaller actors, the development of a Sustainability Rating System for fishing vessels is conceivable, with each boat examined as to its relative adherence to principles of sustainability. Products off highest rated vessels would likely be most lucrative in the marketplace.

Successful experimentation would yield political credibility to generate legislative and fiscal support via grants and tax breaks to usher in a period of restructuring of the fleet's economic characteristics, to match the ecological demands of the resource, to match regulatory pressures, and to match the socio-economic needs of fishing communities larger and small.

Restructuring the Fleet Towards Sustainability in Lieu of Blind Consolidation

To sustain the viability of the resource, the industrial knowledge base and infrastructure, and thus viability of fishing communities, only restructuring programs under the Principle of Fisheries Sustainability are plausible.

Determined pursuit of advanced sustainability-based vessel economics via unfettered experimentation with hull geometries, vessel systems, and fishing methods would offer hope for individuals and ports.

Only a fleet that matches this principle can support sustainability of the resource and itself.

Reflexive buyout programs will only shrink a fleet operating on unviable assumptions but won't alter its superannuated approach towards resource and fleet sustainability.

Opportunities Now

Available on the table for the Gloucester, Massachusetts, fleet are:

Design effort by Phil Bolger & Friends based on experience since 1952, with PB&F supporting for well over 670 hours a serious example of private and public partnership to address the serious challenge of sustainability in the commercial fisheries and create a major opportunity to reduce carbon and human footprint on the resource.

Our efforts have so far produced the concession of a multi-year R&D fishing permit by NMFS to set new baseline of sustainability by design, the concurrent availability of state R&D funding, ditto for federal R&D funding, support by a small number of fishermen in Gloucester and elsewhere, explicitly support by Ecotrust Canada of British Columbia who just hired our services, including a recent six-day trip to British

Columbia to deepen our understanding of the local/regional needs and the range of opportunities for growing cooperation.

What is necessary is political support to overcome local political hesitance and doubt by the majority of the industry. We need your help. We've offered ours for several years now.

Alas, after over four and a half years nothing much has come to fruition here in Gloucester. It has been an emotionally rather exhausting venture since in early November 2002. We first approached the Mayor's personal assistant, with the Mayor being by then the nominal head of the Northeast Seafood Coalition. Even Phil was unprepared for the extent of suspicion and indifference to his offer with which we would be confronted over these years since, despite countless personal appeals to lend an ear to our notions. There has been near universal resistance within nearly all areas of the fleet to just sit down with us to examine opportunities, iron out weak points, and possibly outright silliness on our part.

Instead we've heard nearly every conceivable rumor about what we might actually be up to, ranging from refreshingly original absurdities to direct attacks on our design competence and ethical orientation to offer "obviously dangerous" and certainly "odd looking" proposals, nothing new there. And we've learned of the ever growing variety of scenarios of how nefarious outside forces are doing in the fleet, ranting from ecoterrorists, over unreliable, if not incompetent, scientists to obviously unsympathetic regulators eager to make life easier for themselves. These do seem to go hand in hand with the apparent assumption that there will be long term and progressively growing fuel cost subsidies that will insulate the fleet from market realities that affect every other industry.

If it were not so aggravating to us, expensive to our community, and so endangering for the next generation of would-be fishermen as shoreside infrastructure is being lost to development for good, we'd study this sad spectacle with a sense of mystified wonder, shoot off some dismissive jokes about these leaders' mindset, and eventually avert our gaze in growing disgust at the sight of this end stage of decadence and loss of survival instinct. The problem is that this malaise is quite widespread in this community, reflecting the good will of the community towards the fleet that results in the embrace of the same mindset as a matter of course, despite unarguable indicators of serious problems. These mostly get ascribed to outsiders' negative influence.

Even the *Gloucester Daily Times* did not want to print as a Letter to the Editor any form of our offer and extended that steadfast refusal across three long years, with one editor-in-chief suggesting right to Phil's face that his paper would not help support what seemed to him to be some sort of a fly-by-night scam. Two editors later, and after the *National Fisherman* magazine had spent ten hours talking to us to produce a 2,000 word report on our proposals in their September 2004 issue, we suggested one more time the problematic reasoning of Gloucester's "paper-of-record" boycotting an obviously serious proposal to help out the fleet. And we at last got some space, in fact, a thoroughly unexpected full page opinion piece in November of 2005. Very impressive in print indeed.

But this effort did nothing either to establish any credibility in Phil Bolger's

hometown. To be paranoid, the emails had already gone out a long time ago warning the good folks. Myopia, victimization complex, generally clouded judgement, had by then permeated even the brains of candidates for various offices. After our approaching him on three separate occasions, one archetypal fisheries chieftain stated perkily that he never heard of Bolger and if he did not know him he couldn't be anybody and thus was of no interest to him. He was subsequently elected to one term as city councilor and is now off to higher honors chairing a state office related to "Fisheries Recovery" or some such thing. There is a lot of comedy potential in all of this, if it had not cost so much energy, nerves, and time that came primarily from the schedule initially dialed in for pending design work for which a number of extremely patient clients have been waiting for all too long.

But there have been a few significant bright spots to this tale. There were a few fishermen who did come and sit down for several hours at a time to get the full run-down on who we are and where our proposals are coming from. Several are still on friendly terms with us, offering spending some of their catch allocation on this project if it came to fruition. And one of them would be on a panel the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center pulled together for an evening on our proposal in December of 2004. Apart from the two of us and our friendly gillnetter, there was a retired MIT professor of Naval Architecture who offered friendly opinion on our reasoning, another active MIT professor of Ocean Engineering who somehow could not wrap his mind around the underlying assumptions, the ever non-committal Harbor Plan Coordinator (ex-Coast Guard Captain), a friendly moderator, and, most important of all, an assistant to the Regional Administrator of the New England Branch of the National Marine Fisheries Service, who offered on this occasion a Research & Development Permit specifically for this project, along with assurances that on the federal level there is funding available for such efforts. Hard to argue with that. We felt on an upswing alright and are very grateful for the effort by the Center.

Of course, apart from the gillnetter, no fisheries chiefs showed. And while the event was well advertised in the *Times*, no reporter showed either and it went unrecorded and unreported for the community. That "third" editor had not yet shown up.

Still, there was now a permit within reach, and money as well, assuming we got a good number of supporters from within the fleet! Ditto for such funding on the state level. But the permit sits untouched, alongside the unused funding, for now over two-and-a-half years, on its own worth significant money to any active fisherman who would have gotten to use it running the new craft. An indisputable income opportunity on the table with a part of the catch quota, plus de facto free federal and state money remains untouched.

So Phil Bolger & Friends' initiative results, against all resistance within much of the fleet, in what would amount de facto to a free boat plus a matching permit to fish it for the duration of the two year experiment, and still the code of... (you fill in the blanks, since this is a family magazine) keeps this fleet from pursuing possible ways out of the currently unabating death spiral of limited

resource availability in an age of rising first and running cost and the specter of tighter regulation in key resource sectors.

After two major reports on the state of the oceans two years ago, there was just the other month yet another sobering story about the fate of resource globally, this time in the *National Geographic*. And still the flat-lining in the chieftains' heads persists, busying themselves instead with yet another round of maneuver warfare over the next regulatory details. So far they have steadily lost ground. Someone remarked recently that they are not hurting enough yet!

Talk about a test of our resolve. And a test of our resources as thinking, designing, and talking for hundreds of unpaid hours displaced badly needed income typically coming our way by dealing more or less prominently

ly with clients eager to exchange their money for our ideas and then plans. This exasperating story in this port thus directly affected our clients' personal progress towards realizing their projects. It has been a major ethical challenge to balance these increasingly pressing demands. We can neither leave the fate of this port to the current set of leaders, nor can we survive without appropriately catering to our traditional clientele.

You would figure that the number of hours invested so far doesn't exactly amount to much more than some social activity might consume per year, even if you assigned us extra time in terms of the impact of this experience on our ever so tender hearts. That would be true if this had been the only serious addition to our usual rhythm of work flow and normal life. But it was not.

After we are done talking about the fisheries in some future issue of *MAIB* there should be an opportunity to discuss another major and much more positive intrusion into our lives over about the same number of years, that would stretch our design talents much farther than we'd thought we'd ever engage them. We will not, however, ever indulge in talk about the usual and sometimes clustered succession of normal demands on everyone's life that even PB&F get disturbed by.

For now we are talking fishing boats. And the whiny complaining will pretty much end with this chapter. In the next issue we'll look at an entry level working craft that might be under construction soon. And the third chapter should be more appealing to read yet. Did we mention a fourth one is forthcoming?

This is a very rare Potomac River workboat that was originally built in 1939 and named the *Miss Lynn*, then worked for a while and sold. The new owner renamed the boat *Ellen* and after a while the boat deteriorated until John Reed found her and rebuilt her in 1968. Mr. Reed installed a Westerbeke 38B four-cylinder diesel engine in the center of the boat where a mast had been. He replaced the head and much of the electrical wiring so that she would be seaworthy again.

A very nice navy blue canvas awning covers the deck area aft of the open pilothouse. In the pilothouse there are oil lamps on gimbals and a hand-operated water pump built on a teak cabinet. The cabin has enough room for the crew of two to take a rest but not nearly enough for a liveaboard boat. Once the restoration and refit had been completed, Mr. Reed renamed the boat *Barbara Ellen* for his wife.

We originally wanted to use the *Barbara Ellen* as a working museum to study and help the wildlife in and along the Potomac, Chesapeake Bay, and her tributaries. But the cost of moving, storage, and maintenance of this vessel is beyond our means and abilities. We then considered keeping her on dry land as a showpiece of our area's history but our local zoning laws would not allow it.

The boat was brought to us by a professional boat mover who properly blocked the vessel at her current home. We keep the *Barbara Ellen* as clean and dry as possible. The dual marine batteries are charged regularly but since she is not in the water we have never started the motor. Several boat experts and historians have come to see the *Barbara Ellen* and have commented on this beautiful dory "hybrid." The reason she is a hybrid is the installation of the diesel engine and that the hull planking is not completely run bow to stern. All comment-

1939 Potomac River Dory Hybrid

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ed on the care and effort it took to rebuild and maintain this vessel by Mr. Reed and his predecessors.

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A couple of years ago the task of publishing *Bone Yard Boats* became more than Ginger wished to undertake so she sold the publication to David Irving of Marblehead, Massachusetts, who has further enhanced the listings with accompanying short descriptive articles. Subscription is \$19.95 for four 12-page issues annually.

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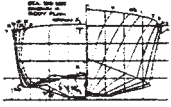
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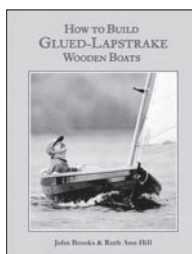
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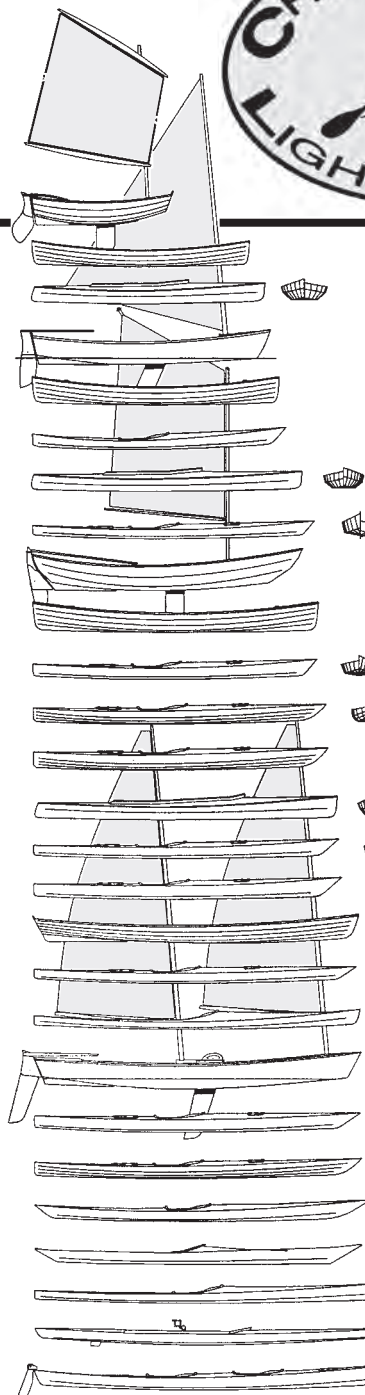
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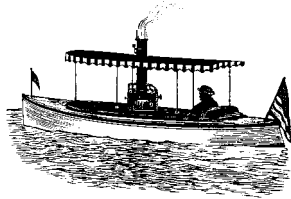
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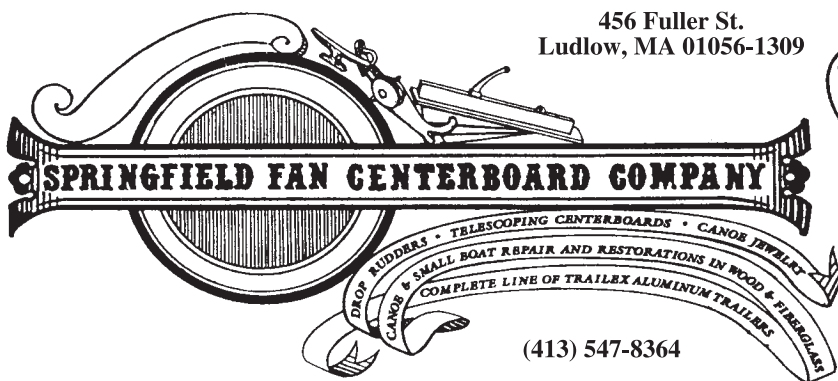
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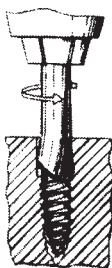
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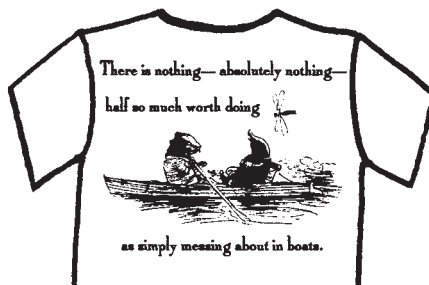
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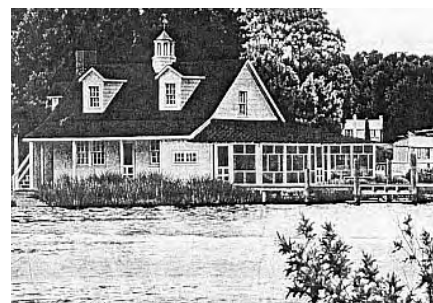


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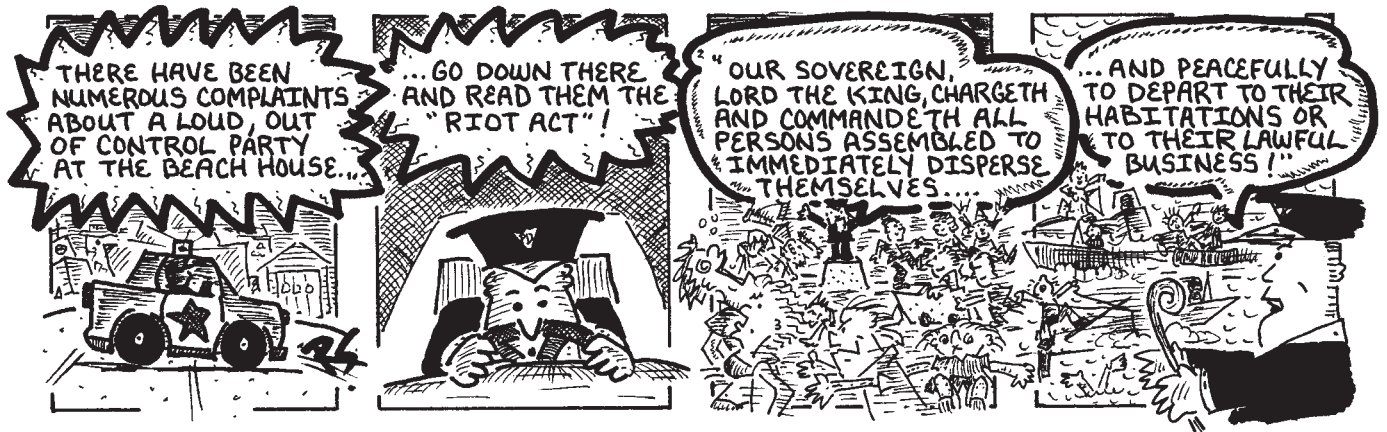
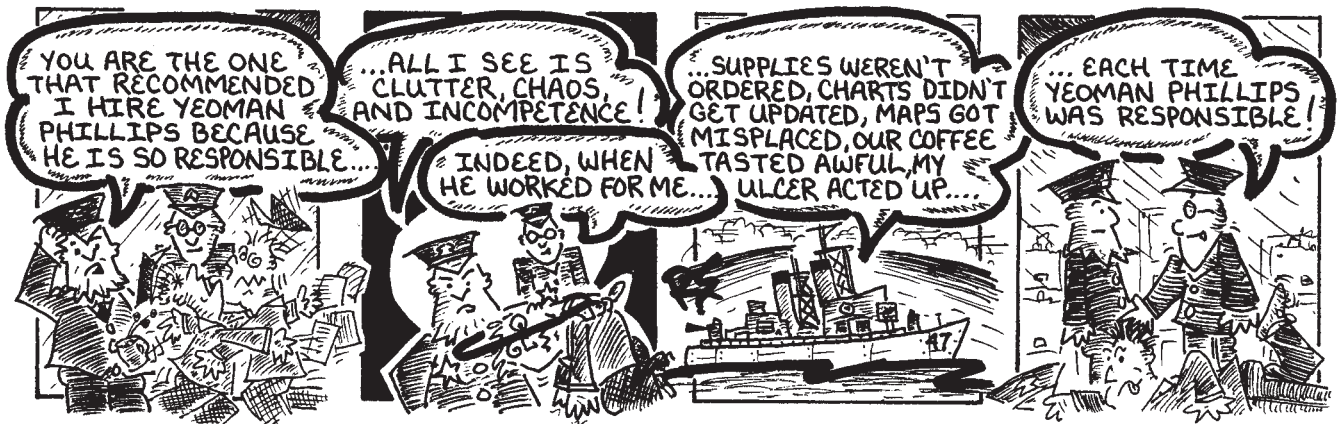
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